THE

Conſcious Lovers,

A

COMEDY.

Written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Illud Genus Narrationis, quod in Perſonis poſitum eſt, debet habere Sermonis Feſtivitatem, Animorum Diſſimilitudinem, Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, Metum, Suſpicionem, Deſiderium, Diſſimulationem, Miſericordiam, Rerum Varietates, Fortunæ Commutationem, Inſperatum Incommodum, Subitam Lætitiam, Jucundum Exitum Rerum.

Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. 1.

CORK:

Printed by PHINEAS and GEORGE BAGNELL, Booksellers, in *Caſtle-ſtreet*, 1761.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
KING.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

AFter having aſpir'd to the higheſt and moſt laudable Ambition, that of following the Cauſe of Liberty, I ſhould not have humbly petition'd your Majeſty for a Direction of the Theatre, had I not believed Succeſs in that Province an Happineſs much to be wiſh'd by an honeſt Man, and highly conducing to the Proſperity of the Common-wealth. It is in this View I lay before your Majeſty a Comedy, which the Audience, in Juſtice to themſelves, has ſupported and encouraged, and is the Prelude of what, by your Majeſty's Influence and Favour, may be attempted in future Repreſentations.

The Imperial Mantle, the Royal Veſtment, and the ſhining Diadem, are what ſtrike ordinary Minds; But your Majeſty's native goodneſs, your Paſſion for Juſtice, and her conſtant Aſſeſſor Mercy, is what continually ſurrounds you, in the View of intelligent Spirits, and gives hope to the ſuppliant, who ſees he has more than ſucceeded in giving your Majeſty an opportunity of doing good. Our King is above the greatneſs of Royalty, and every Act of his Will which makes another Man happy, has ten times more Charms in it, than one that makes himſelf appear rais'd above the Condition of others, but even this carries Unhappineſs with it; for, calm Dominion, equal Grandeur, and familiar Greatneſs do not eaſily affect the Imagination of the Vulgar, who cannot ſee Power but in Terror; and as Fear

moves mean Spirits, and Love prompts great ones to obey, the Inſinuations of Malecontents are directed accordingly; and the unhappy People are inſnar'd, from want of Reflection, into diſrepectful Ideas of their gracious and amiable Sovereign; and then only begin to apprehend the Greatneſs of their Maſter, when they have incurr'd his Diſpleaſure.

As your Majeſty was invited to the Throne of a willing People, for their own ſakes, and has ever enjoy'd it with Contempt of the Oſtentation of it, we beſeech you to protect us who revere your Title, as we love your Perſon. 'Tis to be a Savage to be a Rebel, and they who have fall'n from you have not ſo much forfeited their Allegiance, as loſt their Humanity. And therefore, if it were only to preſerve myſelf from the Imputation of being amongſt the Inſenſible and Abandon'd, I would beg Permiſſion in the moſt publick manner poſſible, to profeſs myſelf, with the utmoſt Sincerity and Zeal.

SIRE,

Your MAJESTY'S

Moſt Devoted Subject

and Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

The PREFACE.

THIS Comedy has been receiv'd with universal Acceptance, for it was in every Part excellently perform'd; and there needs no other Applause of the Actors, *but that they excell'd according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the Character they represented. But this great favour done to the Work in Acting, renders the Expectation still the greater from the* Author, *to keep up the Spirit in the Representation of the Closet, or any other Circumstance of the Reader, whether alone or in Company: To which I can only say, that it must be remember'd a Play is to be seen, and is made to be represented with the Advantage of Action, nor can appear but with half the Spirit, without it; for the greatest Effect of a Play in reading it is to excite the Reader to go see it; and when he does so, it is then a Play has the effect of Example and Precept.*

The chief Design of this was to be an innocent Performance, and the Audience have abundantly shew'd how ready they are to support what is visibly intended that way; nor do I make any Difficulty to acknowledge, that the whole was writ for the sake of the Scene of the Fourth Act, wherein Mr. Bevil *evades the Quarrel with his Friend, and hope it may have some Effect, upon the* Goths *and* Vandals *that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their Absence.*

But this Incident, and the case of the Father and Daughter, are esteem'd by some People no Subjects of Comedy; but I cannot be of their Mind, for any thing that has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, must be allow'd to be the object of Comedy, and sure it must be an Improvement of it, to introduce a Joy too exquisite for Laughter, that can have no Spring but in Delight, which is the case of this young Lady. I must therefore contend, that the Tears which were shed on that occasion flow'd from Reason and Good Sense, and that Men ought not to be laugh'd at for weeping, till we are come to a more clear Notion of what is to be imputed to the Hardness of the Head, and the Softness of the Heart; and I think it was very politely said of Mr. Wilks *to one who told him there was a* General *weeping for* Indiana, *I'll warrant he'll fight ne'er the worse for that. To be apt to give way*

to the Impreſſions of Humanity is the Excellence of a right Diſpoſition, and the natural Working of a well-turn'd Spirit. But as I have ſuffer'd by Criticks who are got no further than to enquire whether they ought to be pleas'd or not, I would willingly find them properer Matter for their Employment, and revive here a Song which was omitted for want of a Performer, and deſign'd for the Entertainment of Indiana; *Sig.* Carbonelli *inſtead of it play'd on the Fiddle, and it is for want of a Singer that ſuch advantageous things are ſaid of an Inſtrument which were deſign'd for a Voice. The Song is the Diſtreſs of a Loveſick Maid, and may be a fit Entertainment for ſome ſmall Criticks to examine whether the Paſſion is juſt, or the Diſtreſs Male or Female.*

I.

From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With downcaſt Eyes a ſilent Shade;
Forbidden to declare my Woe;
To ſpeak, till ſpoken to, afraid.

II.

My inward Pangs, my ſecret Grief,
My ſoft conſenting Looks betray:
He Loves, but gives me no Relief:
Why ſpeaks not he who may?

It remains to ſay a Word concerning Terence, *and I am extremely ſurpriz'd to find what Mr.* Cibber *told me, prove a Truth, That what I valued my ſelf ſo much upon, the Tranſlation of him, ſhould be imputed to me as a Reproach, Mr.* Cibber's *Zeal for the Work, his Care and Application in inſtructing the* Actors, *and altering the Diſpoſition of the Scenes, when I was, through Sickneſs, unable to cultivate ſuch Things my ſelf, has been a very obliging Favour and Friendſhip to me. For this Reaſon, I was very hardly perſuaded to throw away* Terence's *celebrated Funeral, and take only the bare Authority of the young Man's Character, and how I have work'd it into an* Engliſhman, *and made Uſe of the ſame Circumſtances of diſcovering a Daughter, when we leaſt hop'd for one, is humbly ſubmitted to the Learned Reader.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

TO win your Hearts, and to ſecure your Praiſe,
The Comic-Writers ſtrive by various ways:
By ſubtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouſe a beating from his Wife;
And ſays, Each ſtroke was copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a livelyhood of Pinkey's *Face:*
Here, One gay Shew and coſtly Habits tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:
Another ſmuts his Scene (a cunning Shaver)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft have theſe Arts prevail'd; and one may gueſs,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Succeſs.
But the bola Sage, the Poet of To-night,
By new and deſperate Rules reſolv'd to write;
Fain would he give more juſt Applauſes Riſe,
And pleaſe by Wit that ſcorns the Aids of Vice;
The Praiſe he ſeeks, from worthier Motives ſprings,
Such Praiſe, as Praiſe to thoſe that give it brings.
Your Aid, moſt humbly ſought, then Britons *lend,*
And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend:
No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,
Uſurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawleſs Farce uncenſur'd go,
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield *Show.*
'Tis yours with Breeding to refine the Age,
To Chaſten Wit, and Moralize the Stage.
Ye Modeſt, Wiſe and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues ſave,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And Judge Politely for your Country's Fame.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN

Sir John Bevil.	*Mr.* Mills.
Mr. Sealand.	*Mr.* Williams.
Bevil *jun.* *In love with* Indiana.	*Mr.* Booth.
Myrtle, *In love with* Lucinda.	*Mr.* Wilks.
Cimberton, *A Coxcomb.*	*Mr.* Griffin.
Humphrey, *An old Servant to Sir* John.	*Mr.* Shepard.
Tom, *Servant to* Bevil, *jun.*	*Mr.* Cibber.
Daniel, *A Country Boy, Servant to* Indiana.	*Mr.* Theo. Cibber.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Sealand, *Second Wife to* Sealand.	*Mrs.* Moore.
Iſabella, *Siſter to* Sealand.	*Mrs.* Thurmond.
Indiana, Sealand's *Daughter by his firſt Wife.*	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Lucinda, Sealand's *Daughter by his ſecond Wife.*	*Mrs.* Booth.
Phillis, *Maid to* Lucinda.	*Mrs.* Younger.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

THE
Conſcious Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* John Bevil's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir John Bevil, *and* Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I ſhould not be interrupted while I am dreſſing?

Humph. Yes, Sir, I believ'd you had ſomething of Moment to ſay to me.

Sir J. Bev. Let me ſee, *Humphrey*; I think it is now full forty Years ſince I firſt took thee, to be about my ſelf.

Humph. I thank you, Sir, it has been an eaſy forty Years, and I have paſs'd them without much Sickneſs, Care, or Labour.

Sir J. Bev. Thou haſt a brave Conſtitution; you are a Year or two older than I am, Sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that mind, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. You Knave, you know it; I took thee for thy Gravity and Sobriety, in my wild Years.

Humph. Ah Sir! our Manners were form'd from our different Fortunes, not our different Age. Wealth gave a Looſe to your Youth, and Poverty put a Reſtraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bev. Well, *Humphrey*, you know I have been a kind Maſter to you; I have us'd you, for the ingenuous

nuous Nature I obſerv'd in you from the beginning, more like an humble Friend than a Servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be ſo tender of me, as to explain your Commands, Sir, without any farther Preparation.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the firſt Place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all Probability, (ſhut the Door) will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not be at all? for what Reaſon is it carry'd on in Appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honeſt *Humphrey*, have Patience; and I'll tell thee all in Order. I have my ſelf, in ſome Part of my Life, liv'd (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty wou'd be as little injurious to my Son; therefore aſſoon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own Manner: I knew not how, otherwiſe, to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour under Reſtraint and Fear? But what charms me above all Expreſſion is, that my Son has never in the leaſt Action, the moſt diſtant Hint or Word, valued himſelf upon that great Eſtate of his Mothers, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever ſince he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary he ſeems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you or any belonging to you.—He is as dependant and reſign'd to your Will, as if he had not a Farthing but what muſt come from your immediate Bounty.—You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is ſo eaſy to all with whom he converſes, that he is never aſſuming, never prefers himſelf to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not call'd to, and certainly diſobliges moſt of his Acquaintance; to be ſhort, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was ſo fair in the World, that Old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and ſole Heireſs to that vaſt Eſtate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be ſure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding.

Humph.

Humph. What hinders the Proceedings?

Sir J. Bev. Dont interrupt me. You know, I was laſt *Thurſday* at the Maſquerade; my Son, you may remember, ſoon found us out—He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the laſt Age, yet the Maſkers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the moſt monſtrous Figures in that whole Aſſembly.

Humph. I remember indeed a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown that was particularly troubleſome.

Sir J. Bev. Right—He was too much what he ſeem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teiz'd us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that Particular. [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he follow'd us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle preſented that gay Creature to the Ruſtick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow Polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely perſiſted, and offer'd to force off my Maſk; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appear'd to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they ſeiz'd each other; the Company call'd the Guards; and in the Surprize, the Lady ſwoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adverſary, and had now no Care but of the Lady,—when raiſing her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever—forbid it Heav'n!—She revives at his known Voice—and with the moſt familiar tho' modeſt Geſture hangs in Safety over his Shoulder weeping, but wept as in the Arms of one before whom ſhe could give her ſelf a Looſe, were ſhe not under Obſervation: while ſhe hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph. I have obſerv'd this Accident has dwelt upon you very ſtrongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modeſty, the Dignity of her Perſon, and the Occaſion it ſelf drew

drew the whole Aſſembly together; and I ſoon heard it buzz'd about, ſhe was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer, who had ſerv'd in *France*. Now this unexpected and public Diſcovery of my Son's ſo deep Concern for her.———

Humph. Was what I ſuppos'd alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right—He came to me Yeſterday, and ſaid, he thought himſelf diſengag'd from the Bargain, being credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worſe, to the Lady at the Maſquerade. I palliated matters, and inſiſted on our Agreement; but we parted with little leſs than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what notice have you taken of all this to my young Maſter.

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you—I have ſaid nothing to him yet—But look you, *Humphrey*—if there's ſo much in this Amour of his, that he denies my Summons to marry, I have cauſe enough to be offended; and then by my inſiſting upon his marrying to-day, I ſhall know how far he is engag'd to this Lady in Maſquerade, and from thence only ſhall be able to take my Meaſures; in the mean time I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret——He, I know, will play Tricks as much to croſs me, as to ſerve his Maſter.

Humph. Why do you think ſo of him, Sir? I believe he is no worſe than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir J. Bev. I ſee it in the Raſcal's Looks. But I have dwelt on theſe things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your Part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in Earneſt. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit Sir* John Bevil.

Humph. Well, tho' his Father and Son live as well together as poſſible, yet their fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with conſtant mutual uneaſineſs. I'm ſure I have enough to do to be honeſt, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task leſs painful however—Oh here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the

the Repreſentative of All the better fed than taught——Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither ſo gay and ſo airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, *Singing*.

Tom. Sir, we Servants of ſingle Gentlemen are another kind of People than you domeſtick ordinary Drudges that do Buſineſs: We are rais'd above you: The Pleaſures of Board-Wages, Tavern-Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou haſt Follies and Vices enough for a man of Ten thouſand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t'other Day that I ſent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sealand*'s Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Maſter, who is too gentle for training ſuch a rude Thing as you were into proper Obedience——You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a baſhful great awkward Club as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button now you are a Fop. That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your Maſter's hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Maſter ſcorns to ſtrike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, juſt as it was when my old Maſter and you were in your Youth——when you went to dinner becauſe it was ſo much a Clock, when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantrey-door, and all the Family came out of their Holes in ſuch ſtrange Dreſſes and formal Faces, as you ſee in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph. Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow in a black Gown ſaid ſomething over the Meat as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, why do you prate after?——Deſpiſing Men of ſacred Characters! I hope you never heard my good young Maſter talk ſo like a Profligate?

Tom. Sir, I ſay you put upon me, when firſt I came to Town, about being orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams to make Linen laſt clean a Fortnight, keeping my cloaths freſh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you thoſe Leſſons, becauſe I ſuppos'd at that time your Maſter and you might have din'd at home every Day, and coſt you nothing; then you might have made a good Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented ſince at Chocolate Houſes and Taverns, in a continual round of noiſe and Extravagance———

Tom. I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noiſe and Extravagance; but we Gentlemen who are well fed, and cut a Figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we muſt be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be look-ed at.

Humph. Very well, Sir,———I hope the Faſhion of being lewd and extravagant, deſpiſing of Decency and Order, is almoſt at an End, ſince it is arrived at Perſons of your Quality.

Tom. Maſter *Humphrey*, Ha! Ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be ſent up to Town in ſuch Queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleaſure of the Age; the Top-Gameſter; and many a lac'd Coat about Town have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment——We are falſe Lovers; have a Taſte of Muſick, Poetry, Billet-doux, Dreſs, Politicks, ruin Damſels, and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Maſters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the higheſt Dignities and Diſtinctions; ſtep but into the *Painted Chamber*—— and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality——— then again come down to the *Court of Requeſts*, and you ſee us all laying our broken Heads together for the good of the Nation: and tho' we never carry a Queſtion *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I can ſay with a ſafe Conſcience, (and I wiſh every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and ſay the ſame) that I never took ſo much as a ſingle Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer, I wanted to ſee you to enquire how things go with your Maſter, as far as you underſtand them; I ſuppoſe he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dreſt as gay as the Sun; but between you and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As ſoon as he was dreſs'd I retir'd, but overheard him ſigh in the moſt heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Cloſet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Miſtreſs, whoſe Maid you know——

Humph. Is paſſionately fond of your fine Perſon.

Tom. The poor Fool is ſo tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's and *Ridotto*'s, for the Winter; the Parks and *Bellfize*, for our Summer-Diverſions; and Lard! ſays ſhe, you are ſo wild ——but you have a world of Humour———

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Maſter's Letters to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you.

Tom. Becauſe Mrs. *Lucinda* is not ſo eaſily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not eaſily come at? Why Sirrah, are not her Father and my old maſter agreed, that ſhe and Mr. *Bevil* are to be one Fleſh before to-morrow Morning?

Tom. 'Tis no matter for that; her Mother, it ſeems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it: and you muſt know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the Grey Mare is the better Horſe.

Humph. What do'ſt thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of hers, a ſtiff, ſtarch'd Philoſopher, and a wiſe Fool for her Daughter; for which Reaſon, for theſe ten Days paſt, ſhe has ſuffer'd no Meſſage nor Letter from my Maſter to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom. From a Fooliſh fond Soul, that can keep nothing from me.——— One that will deliver this Letter too, if ſhe is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Handmaid, Mrs. *Phillis*?

Tom. Even ſhe, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know, ſhe uſually comes hither, under a Pretence of a Viſit to your Houſekeeper forſooth, but in reality to have a Glance at——

Humph. Your ſweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing elſe in Nature; you muſt know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton.———

Humph. Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to!

Tom. I met her this Morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worſe for her Lady's Wearing: and ſhe has always new Thoughts and new Airs with new Cloaths—— then ſhe never fails to ſteal ſome Glance or Geſture from every Viſitant at their Houſe; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquets at ſecond hand. But here ſhe comes; in one Motion ſhe ſpeaks and deſcribes herſelf better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own Affair is over, you will be ſo good as to mind your Maſter's with her.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Maſter is my Friend, and thoſe are People I never forget.——

Humph. Sawcineſs itſelf! but I'll leave you to do your beſt for him. [*Exit.*

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sugar-key* at home?— Lard, one is almoſt aſham'd to paſs along the Streets. The Town is quite empty, and no Body of Faſhion left in it; and the ordinary people do ſo ſtare to ſee any thing (dreſs'd like a Woman of Condition), as it were on the ſame Floor with them paſs by. Alas! Alas! it is a ſad thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a ſad thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wiſh yourſelf lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Tom*, but I wiſh I were generally carried in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to ſtand nor go, but to totter, or ſlide, to be ſhort-ſighted, or ſtare, to ſleer in the Face, to look diſtant, to obſerve, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I was rich, I cou'd twire and loll as well as the beſt of them. Oh *Tom! Tom!* is it not a pity, that you ſhould be ſo great a Coxcomb, and I ſo great a Coquet, and yet be ſuch poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that—

Phil. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you ſaid to Mrs. *Judy*, upon

upon ſeeing her in one of her Lady's caſt Manteaus; That any one would have thought her the Lady, and that ſhe had order'd the other to wear it till it ſat eaſy——— for now only it was becoming: ——To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a Habit. This you ſaid, after ſome Body or other. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* thou art as falſe and as baſe, as the beſt Gentleman of them all: but, you wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I ſay.

Tom. I know not how to reſiſt your commands, Madam. [*In a ſubmiſſive Tone, retiring.*

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty eaſy to you of late.

Tom. Oh, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon, and ſet a prating. [*Aſide.*]——— Why truly to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your Houſe.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a ſudden offends your Nicety at our Houſe?

Tom. I don't care to ſpeak Particulars, but I diſlike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Miſtake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis!* ſaucy enough. But however.—

Tom. I ſay, it is that thou art a Part, which gives me pain for the Diſpoſition of the Whole. You muſt know, Madam, to be ſerious, I am a Man, at the bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your Houſe: To be plain, I don't like ſo many, that would be your Miſtreſs's Lovers, whiſpering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You ſay this, becauſe I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conſcience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis! Phillis!* if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then, poor *Criſpo*'s Fate and mine are one——Therefore give me leave to ſay, or ſing, at leaſt, as he does upon the ſame occaſion———

Se vedette, &c. [*ſings.*

Phil.

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fob'd off with a Song? I don't queſtion but you have ſung the ſame to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't diſparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealouſy of ſo worthleſs an Object; beſides, ſhe is a poor Huſſey, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Intereſt. You are a Fortune, *Phillis*———

Phil. What would the Fop be at now? In good time indeed, you ſhall be ſetting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have ſuch a ſpirit that we ſhall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Eſtate in my Hands.

[*He pulls out a Purſe, ſhe eyes it.*

Phil. What pretence have I to What is in your Hands, Mr. *Tom?*

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd or diſpleas'd, neither ſick or well, when ſhe lolls or loiters, when ſhe's without deſires, from having more of every thing than ſhe knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When ſhe has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open, to look at her own dear Image in the Glaſs.

Phil. Explain thy ſelf, and don't be ſo fond of thy own Prating.

Tom. There are alſo proſperous and good-natur'd Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complection flouriſhes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience!

Tom. Why then——or on the like Occaſions——— we Servants who have Skill to know how to time buſineſs, ſee when ſuch a pretty folded thing as this [*ſhews a Letter.*] may be preſented, laid, or dropp'd, as beſt ſuits the preſent humour. And Madam, becauſe it is a long weariſom Journey to run through all the ſeveral Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Maſter, who is the moſt reaſonable Man in the World, preſents you this to bear your Charges on the Road. [*Gives her the Purſe.*

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Huſſey.

Tom.

Tom. O fie, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Miſtreſs's Sake.

Tom. I know it, my Pretty One, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I ſay I do it, becauſe I would not have my Miſtreſs deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Paſſion; but I'll talk more of this, as you ſee me on my Way Home. No, *Tom*, I aſſure thee, I take this Traſh of thy Maſter's, not for the Value of the thing, but as it convinces me, he has a true Reſpect for my Miſtreſs. I remember a Verſe to the Purpoſe.

They may be falſe who Lanquiſh and Complain,
But they who part with Money never feign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bevil *Junior's Lodgings.*

Bevil *junior Reading.*

Bev. jun. Theſe Moral Writers practiſe Virtue after Death: This charming Viſion of *Mirza!* Such an Author conſulted in a Morning, ſets the Spirit for the Viciſſitudes of the Day, better than the Glaſs does a Man's Perſon: But what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an Eaſy Look with an Aking Heart. ———If this Lady my Father urges me to marry ſhould not refuſe me, my Dilemma is inſupportable. But why ſhould I fear it? is not ſhe in equal Diſtreſs with me? has not the Letter, I have ſent her this Morning, confeſt my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral Aſſurances of her Engagements too, to my Friend *Myrtle*. 'Tis impoſſible but ſhe muſt give in to it: For ſure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It muſt be ſo———Well then, with the Aſſurance of being rejected, I thing I may confidently ſay to my Father, I am ready to Marry her——Then let me reſolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honeſt Diſſimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev. jun. Dunce! Why did you not bring him in?

Tom

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Cloſet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to ſee my Father any where.

[*Going himſelf to the Door.*

Tom. The Devil's in my Maſter! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aſide.*

Bevil *Jun. introducing Sir* John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the moſt Gallant, the moſt Complaiſant of all Parents——Sure 'tis not a Compliment to ſay theſe Lodgings are yours——Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unſeaſonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholding for my Birth-day might have uſed leſs Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Miſtreſs this Morning: It would pleaſe my Curioſity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtſhip muſt then be over.

Bev. jun. I aſſure you, Sir, there was no inſolence in it, upon the proſpect of ſuch a vaſt Fortune's being added to our Family, but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Deſert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear *Jack*, are you in earneſt in all this: and will you really marry her?

Bev. jun. Did I ever diſobey any Command of yours, Sir? nay, any Inclination that I ſaw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't ſay you have, Son; but methinks in this whole Buſineſs, you have not been ſo warm as I could have wiſh'd you: You have viſited her, 'tis true, but you have not been particular. Every one knows you can ſay and do as handſome Things as any man; but you have done nothing, but liv'd in the General; been Complaiſant only.

Bev. jun. As I am ever prepar'd to marry if you bid me, ſo I am ready to let it alone if you will have me. [Humphrey *enters unobſerved.*

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why what am I to think of this ſo abſolute and ſo indifferent a reſignation?

Bev. jun. Think! that I am ſtill your Son, Sir,—

Sir.

Sir—you have been married, and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the Inconvenience there is, when a Man weds with too much Love in his Head. I have been told Sir, that at the Time you married, you made a mighty Buſtle on the Occaſion. There was challenging and fighting, ſcaling Walls——locking up the Lady——and the Gallant under an Arreſt for fear of killing all his Rivals——Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you have found the ill Conſequences of theſe ſtrong Paſſions and Prejudices, in preference of one Woman to another, in caſe of a Man's becoming a Widower——

Sir J. Bev. How is this!

Bev. jun. I ſay Sir, Experience has made you wiſer in your Care of me——for, Sir, ſince you loſt my dear Mother, your time has been ſo heavy, ſo lonely, and ſo taſteleſs, that you are ſo good as to guard me againſt the like unhappineſs, by marrying me prudentially by way of Bargain and Sale. For, as you well judge, a Woman that is eſpous'd for a Fortune, is yet a better Bargain if ſhe dies; for then a Man ſtill enjoys what he did marry, the Money; and is diſencumber'd of what he did not marry, the Woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray Sir, do you think *Lucinda* then a Woman of ſuch little Merit?

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry it ſo far neither; I am rather afraid I ſhall like her too well; ſhe has for one of her Fortune, a great many needleſs and ſuperſtitious good Qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, Son, there's ſomething I don't ſee yet, ſomething that's ſmother'd under all this Rallery.

Bev. jun. Not in the leaſt, Sir: If the Lady is dreſs'd and ready, you ſee I am. I ſuppoſe the Lawyers are ready too.

Humph. This may grow warm If I don't interpoſe. [*Aſide.*] Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee-houſe, and has ſent to ſpeak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the Way, you ſay——

Bev. jun. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll take a Chair, and

go

go to Mr. *Sealand*'s, where the young Lady, and I will wait your Leiſure.

Sir J. Bev. By no means——The old Fellow will be ſo vain, if he ſees——

Bev. jun. Ay——But the young Lady, Sir, will think me ſo indifferent——

Humph. Ay——there you are right——preſs your Readineſs to go to the Bride——he won't let you. [*Aſide to* Bev. jun.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide to* Humph.

Humph. How he likes being prevented [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*

Bev. jun. You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to viſit a beautiful, virtuous young Woman, in the Pride and Bloom of Life, ready to give herſelf to my Arms: and to place her Happineſs or Miſery, for the future, in being agreeable or diſpleaſing to me, is a ——Call a Chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear *Jack*; this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with ſome People, but by managing with Indifference. We muſt leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the laſt of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev, Pray let me govern in this Matter: you can't tell how humourſome old Fellows are:—— There's no offering Reaſon to ſome of 'em, eſpecially when they are Rich—If my Son ſhould ſee him, before I have brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aſide.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you, to let Mr. *Bevil* go——See whether he will or not. [*Aſide to Sir* John.]——[*Then to* Bev.] Pray, Sir, command your ſelf; ſince you ſee my Maſter is poſitive, it is better ou ſhould not go.

Bev. jun. My Father commands me, as to the Object of my Affections, but I hope he will not, as to the Warmth and Height of them.

Sir. J. Bev. So! I muſt even leave things as I found them: And in the mean time, at leaſt, keep old

old *Sealand* out of his ſight——Well, Son, I'll go my ſelf and take orders in your Affair——You'll be in the way, I ſuppoſe, if I ſend to you——I'll leave your Old Friend with you——*Humphrey*—don't let him ſtir, d'ye hear: Your Servant, your Servant.

[*Exit Sir* John.

Humph. I have had a ſad time on't, Sir, between you and my Maſter——I ſee you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclination for the Match——I muſt betray nei ther, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good—Heav'n grant a good End of this matter: But there is a Lady Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow——You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee—That Lady——is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may aſſure your ſelf, I will never marry without my Father's Conſent: But give me leave to ſay too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promiſe, that I will take whomſoever he pleaſes.

Humph. Come Sir, I wholly underſtand you: You would engage my ſervices to free you from this Woman, whom my Maſter intends you, to make way, in time, for the Woman you have really a mind to.

Bev. jun. Honeſt *Humphrey*, you have always been an uſeful Friend to my Father, and my ſelf; I beg you continue your good Offices, and don't let us come to the Neceſſity of a Diſpute; for, if we ſhould Diſpute; I muſt either part with more than Life, or loſe the beſt of Fathers.

Humph. My dear Maſter, were I but worthy to know this Secret, that ſo near concerns you, my Life, my All ſhould be engag'd to ſerve you. This, Sir, I dare promiſe, that I am ſure I will and can be ſecret; your Truſt, at Worſt, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot ſerve you I will at once be plain, and tell you ſo.

Bev. jun. That's all I aſk: Thou haſt made it now my Intereſt to truſt thee——Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir,

Bev. jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my laſt Travels, my Father grew uneaſy at my making ſo long a ſtay at *Toulon*.

Humph.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehenſive ſome Woman laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His Fears were juſt; for there I firſt ſaw this Lady: She is of *Engliſh* Birth, Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a younger Brother of an Antient Family, and originally an Eminent Merchant of *Briſtol*; who upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Induſtry, and in ſix Years time, reſtored him to his former Fortunes: On this he ſent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family ſhould follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey ſuch welcome Orders, would not wait the leiſure of a Convoy, but, took the firſt occaſion of a ſingle Ship, and with her Huſband's Siſter only, and this Daughter, then ſcarce ſeven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage; For here, poor Creature, ſhe l ſt her Liberty and Life; ſhe and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Priſoner, though, as ſuch, not ill treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and cruel Diſapointment, ſeiz'd, with ſuch Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, ſhe ſicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpleſs Infant!

Bev. Her Siſter yet ſurviv'd, and had the care of her: The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himſelf married an *Engliſh* Woman, and being Childleſs, he brought home into *Toulon* this her little Country-woman; preſenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value, to his Wife to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here ſeem'd again, to ſmile on her.

Bev. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying inteſtate, his Eſtate fell wholly to an Advocate his Brother, who coming ſoon to take Poſſeſſion, there found (among his Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durſt not ſure abuſe his Power!

Bev. No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her,——in ſhort, he lov'd, but, when all

Arts.

Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offerd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Chilhood; ſeiz'd on her little Fortune as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Priſon; when Providence at the Inſtant interpos'd, and, ſent me, by Miracle to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed; but pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at laſt to *England?*

Bev. The diſappointed Advocate finding ſhe had ſo unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, deſcended to a Compoſition; which I, without her Knowledge, ſecretly diſcharged.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without ſome Difficulty, to ſee her ſafe to *England*; where no ſooner arrived, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engag'd, immediately propoſed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart——and yet you ſee——what I do to pleaſe my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dreſs, this ſplendid Covering of Sorrow——But, *Humphrey*, you have your Leſſon.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Queſtion.——

Bev. Ask it freely.

Hymph. Is it, then, your own Paſſion for this ſecret Lady, or hers for you, that gives you this Averſion to the Match your Father has propoſed you?

Bev. I ſhall appear, *Humphrey*, more Romantick in my Anſwer, than in all the reſt of my Story: For tho' I doat on her to death, and have no little Reaſon to believe ſhe has the ſame Thoughts for me: yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmoſt Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved her.

Humph. How was it poſſible to avoid it?

Bev. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid

ſo inviolable a Reſtraint upon my Conduct, that 'till I have his Conſent to ſpeak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever———

Humph. Well, Sir, to your Praiſe be it ſpoken, you are certainly the moſt unfaſhionable Lover in *Great-Britain.*

Enter Tom,

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtyle*'s at the next Door, and if you are at Leiſure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. Whenever he pleaſes——— hold *Tom!* did you receive no anſwer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was deſir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Lettice* ſaid, I ſhould certainly have one.

Bev. Very well,

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity: In the mean Time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you pleaſe, to marry *Lucinda*, without the leaſt Hazard of its coming to a Concluſion———Sir, your moſt obedient Servant.

Bev. Honeſt *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you ſhall always find me yours.

[*Exit* Humph.

I long to hear how my Letter has ſucceeded with *Lucinda*—but I think it cannot fail: for, at worſt, were it poſſible ſhe could take it ill, her Reſentment of my Indifference may as probably occaſion a Delay, as her taking it right.——Poor *Myrtyle*, what Terror muſt he be in all this while?——Since he knows ſhe is offer'd to me, and refuſed to him, there is no converſing, or taking any Meaſures with him, for his own Service.——But I ought to bear with my Friend, and uſe him as one in Adverſity;

All his Diſquiets by my own I prove,
The greateſt Grief's Perplexity in Love.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Bevil *jun. and* Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. *Myrtle.*

Bev. jun. Very well,———do you ſtep again, and wait for an Anſwer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well *Charles*, why ſo much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any Thing in this World deſerves it? You, who uſed to be ſo Gay, ſo Open, ſo Vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour.—But the Cauſe of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the ſame Object that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a Word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dreſs confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda.*

Bev. jun. You are not miſinform'd.—Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, till you hear me out. I ſhall diſoblige the beſt of Fathers, if I don't ſeem ready to marry *Lucinda*: And you know I have ever told you, you might make uſe of my ſecret Reſolution never to marry her, for your own Service, as you pleaſe. But I am now driven to the Extremity of immediately refuſing or complying, unleſs you help me to eſcape the Match.

Myrt. Eſcape? Sir, neither her Merit or her Fortune are below your Acceptance.———Eſcaping, do you call it!

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wiſh I ſhould deſire the Match?

Myrt. No——but ſuch is my humorous and ſickly ſtate of Mind, ſince it has been able to reliſh nothing but *Lucinda*, that tho' I muſt owe my Happineſs to your Averſion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her ſpoken of with Levity or unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir? I ſhall tranſgreſs that

Way no more. She has Underſtanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit.———

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bevil*, don't ſpeak of her as if you lov'd her neither.

Bev. jun. Why then to give you Eaſe at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Senſe, Wit, Beauty, and Virtue, I know another in whom theſe Qualities appear to me more amiable than in her,

Myrt. There you ſpoke like a reaſonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your prepoſſeſſion for another, at once you gratify my Fondneſs, and cure my Jealouſies.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no Notice, you have no Apprehenſion of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! Hang him, a Formal, Philoſophical, Pedantick Coxcomb.—For the Sot, with all theſe crude Notions of divers Things, under the Direction of great Vanity, and very little judgment, ſhews the ſtrongeſt Biaſs is Avarice; which is ſo predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Miſtreſs with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her perſonal Charms, than if ſhe were a mere breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure that is not affected? I have known ſome Women ſooner ſet on fire by that ſort of Negligence, than by———

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure ſimple Inſolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural, he has a very quick ſenſe, tho' very ſlow Underſtanding.—He ſays indeed many things, that want only the circumſtances of Time and Place to be very juſt and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be ſure of me, if you can diſappoint him; but my Intelligence ſays, the Mother has actually ſent for the Conveyances, to draw Articles for his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' thoſe for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for ſigning: but it ſeems ſhe has not thought fit to conſult either him or his Daughter in the matter.

Myrt.

Myrt. Pſhaw! A poor troubleſome Woman——Neither *Lucinda* nor her Father will ever be brought to comply with it,——beſides, I am ſure *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffry* in the Weſt.

Bev. jun. Well Sir, and I can tell you that's the very Point that is now laid before her Council; to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without his Uncle's actual joining in it——Now pray conſider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it ſoon muſt, to an open Rupture, how are you ſure that *Cimberton*'s Fortune may not then tempt her Father too, to hear his Propoſals?

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that muſt be provided againſt.—Do you know who are her Council?

Bev. jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target*—— by the way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of falſe Council upon her, to delay and confound matters a little——beſides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole Deſign againſt you.

Myrt. As how pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you ſlip on a Black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* yourſelf?

Myrt. Ha! I don't diſlike it—but what ſhall I do for a Brother in the Caſe?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow *Tom*? the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick; all his part will be but to ſtutter heartily, for that's Old *Target*'s Caſe——Nay, it would be an immortal thing to mock him, were it not that his Impertinence is the occaſion of its breaking out to that degree——the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lye upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all things; if you'll ſend *Tom* to my Chambers, I will give him full Inſtructions: This will certainly give me Occaſion to raiſe Difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at leaſt.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Succeſs: ſo far we are right then: And now, *Charles*, your Apprehenſion of my marrying her, is all that you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abſtract myſelf from my own Intereſt in the thing, I know no Objection ſhe can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope———

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cauſe of your Suſpicion, as I am offended at the Effect: but be aſſured, I am taking meaſures for your certain Security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promiſe you to be as eaſy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than Life at ſtake on your Fidelity. [*Going.*

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no chance againſt you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I muſt be going. *Exit* Myrt.

Bev. Well! this is another Inſtance of the Perplexities which ariſe too, in faithful Friendſhip: we muſt often, in this Life, go on in our good Offices, even under the Diſpleaſure of thoſe to whom we do them, in Compaſſion to their Weakneſſes and Miſtakes—But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! ſhe has no Support or Comfort, but in my Fidelity, yet ſees me daily preſs'd in Marriage with another! How painful, in ſuch a Criſis, muſt be every Hour ſhe thinks on me? I'll let her ſee, at leaſt, my Conduct to her is not chang'd: I'll take this Opportunity to viſit her; for tho' the Religious Vow I have made to my Father, reſtrains me from ever marrying, without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from ſeeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltleſs joy of my Heart: But the beſt Condition of Human Life is but a gentler Miſery.

To hope for perfect Happineſs is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain.

[*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella, *and* Indiana *in her own Lodgings.*

Iſab. Yes—I ſay 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I ſay to thee again and again, 'tis Skill and Management.

Ind.

Ind. Will you perſuade me there can be an ill Deſign, in ſupporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dreſs'd, and lodg'd like one; in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every way in the moſt ſumptuous manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Deſign in it?

Iſab. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without ſo much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him.

Iſab. Ay, ay,——the more for that——that keeps the Title to all you have, the more in Him.

Ind. The more in Him!—He ſcorns the Thought—

Iſab. Then He——He——He——.

Ind. Well, be not ſo eager.—If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter.*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank Notes, with theſe Words, 'To pay 'for the Set of Dreſſing-plate, which will be brought 'home To-morrow.' Why dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend——and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you ſay any thing to the Diſadvantage of Mr. *Bevil*. When he is preſent, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it; Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When his Eyes are caſt another way, and I dare ſurvey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love——Oh! cou'd I tell you:——

Iſab. Ah! you need not: I imagine all this for you.

Ind. This is my State of Mind in his Preſence; and when he is abſent, you are ever dinning my Ears with Notions of the Arts of Men; that his hidden Bounty, his reſpectful Conduct, his careful Proviſion for me, after his preſerving me from utmoſt Miſery, are certain Signs he means nothing, but to make I know not what of me?

Iſab. Oh! You have a ſweet Opinion of him, truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thouſand Things, beſides my Sex's natural Decency and Shame, to ſuppreſs my Heart that yearns to thank, to praiſe, to ſay it loves him: I ſay thus it is with me while I ſee

him; and in his Abſence I am entertain'd with nothing but your Endeavours to tear this amiable Image from my Heart, and in its ſtead, to place a baſe Diſſembler, an artful Invader of my Happineſs, my Innocence, my Honour.

Iſab. Ah poor Soul! has not his Plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the way he has taken, been the moſt proper with you? Oh! ho! he has Senſe, and has judg'd the thing right.

Ind. Go on then, ſince nothing can anſwer you: ſay what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Iſab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to ſay ſo, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Deſtroyers of Women, the Gentle, the Generous, the Mild, the Affable, the Humble, who all, ſoon after their Succeſs in their Deſigns, turn to the contrary of thoſe Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocriſy the beſt of any Man living, but ſtill he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They have uſurp'd an Exemption from Shame, for any Baſeneſs, any Cruelty towards us. They Embrace without Love; they make Vows, without Conſcience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be leſs guilty.

Ind. That's truly obſerv'd. [*Aſide.*
But what's all this to *Bevil?*

Iſab. This it is to *Bevil*, and all Mankind. Truſt not thoſe, who will think the worſe of you for your Confidence in them. Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves. Won't you be on your Guard againſt thoſe who would betray you? Won't you doubt thoſe who would contemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me: Fair and natural Dealing is to invite Injuries, 'tis bleating to eſcape Wolves who would devour you! Such is the World,——and ſuch (ſince the Behaviour of one Man to myſelf) have I believ'd all the reſt of the Sex. [*Aſide.*

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*, I will not doubt it; He has not ſpoke it by an Organ that is given to lying: His eyes are all that ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his filial Piety, and ought to truſt his Management with a Father,

ther, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Leſſon is very ſhort, If he takes me for ever, my purpoſe of Life is only to pleaſe him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I ſhall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worſe than Death has happen'd to me.

Iſab. Ay do, perſiſt in your Credulity! flatter yourſelf that a Man of his Figure and Fortune will make himſelf the Jeſt of the Town, and marry a handſome Beggar for Love.

Ind. The Town! I muſt tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil*, will but make themſelves more ridiculous; his Actions are the Reſult of Thinking, and he has Senſe enough to make even Virtue faſhionable.

Iſab. O' my Conſcience he has turn'd her Head—— Come, come, if he were the honeſt Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here theſe three Weeks, without ſending you to *Briſtol*, in ſearch of your Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he ſtill deſigns it; and that nothing keeps him here, but the Neceſſity of not coming to a Breach with his Father, in regard to the Match he has propos'd him! Beſides, has he not writ to *Briſtol?* and has not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almoſt theſe twenty Years?

Iſab. All Sham, meer Evaſion; he is afraid, if he ſhould carry you thither, your honeſt Relations may take you out of his hands, and ſo blow up all his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any ſuch?

Iſab. Has he ever given you any honeſt ones? can you ſay, in your Conſcience, he ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it the Moment 'tis in his Power, or conſiſtent with his Honour, to make ſuch a Promiſe good to me.

Iſab. His Honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it: therefore deſire you will not make my life uneaſie, by theſe ungrateful Jealouſies of one, to whom I am, and wiſh'd to be oblig'd: For from his Integrity alone, I have reſolv'd to hope for Happineſs.

Iſab. Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't ſee, at your Peril be it———

Ind. Let it be———This is his hour of viſiting me.

Iſab. Oh! to be ſure, keep up your Form; don't ſee him in a Bed-chamber: This is pure Prudence, when ſhe is liable, where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd where-e'er he pleaſes. [*Apart.*

Ind. All the reſt of my Life is but waiting till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Well, go thy ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almoſt as much love for a Man who poorly left me, to marry an Eſtate———And I am now, againſt my will, what they call an old Maid——but I will not let the Peeviſhneſs of that Condition grow upon me———only keep up the Suſpicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms.

Re-enter Indiana *ſpeaking to a Servant.*

Ind. Deſire Mr. *Bevil* to walk in——Deſign! impoſſible! A baſe deſigning Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice———And yet, ſince the late Rumour of his Marriage, he ſeems more reſerv'd than formerly——he ſends in too, before he ſees me, to know if I am at leiſure———ſuch new Reſpect may cover Coldneſs in the Heart——it certainly makes me thoughtful——I'll know the worſt at once; I'll lay ſuch fair Occaſions in his way, that it ſhall be impoſſible to avoid an Explanation——— for theſe Doubts are inſupportable!——But ſee! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, your moſt Obedient———I am afraid I broke in upon your Reſt laſt Night——— 'twas very late before we parted! but 'twas your own Fault: I never ſaw you in ſuch agreeable Humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never ſaw you better Company.

Bev. Me, Madam! you rally; I ſaid very little.

Ind. But I am afraid you heard me ſay a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the moſt agreeable thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience to hear her.

Bev.

Bev. Then 'tis pity, Madam, you ſhould ever be ſilent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions ſpeak for me, I might indeed be ſilent, and yet pretend to nothing more than the Agreeable.

Bev. If I might be vain of any thing, in my Power, Madam, 'tis that my Underſtanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out, as the moſt deſerving Object of my Eſteem.

Ind. Should I think I deſerve this, 'twere enough to make my Vanity forfeit the Eſteem you offer me.

Bev. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe Eſteem is the Reſult of Reaſon, and to deſerve it from good Senſe, the Height of Human Glory: Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour ſhould pay me that, than all the Homage of a ſincere and humble Love.

Bev. jun. You certainly diſtinguiſh right, Madam; Love often kindles from External Merit only———

Ind. But Eſteem ariſes from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul———

Bev. jun. True———And great Souls only can deſerve it. [*Bowing reſpectfully.*

Ind. Now, I think, they are greater ſtill, that can ſo charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, ſince the utmoſt Pride, and pleaſure of my Life is, that I eſteem you---as I ought.

Ind. [*Aſide.*] As he ought! ſtill more perplexing! he neither ſaves, nor kills my Hope.

Bev. jun. But Madam, we grow grave methinks---Let's find ſome other Subject ——Pray how did you like the Opera laſt Night?

Ind. Firſt give me leave to thank you, for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam——But pray tell me, you now, who are never partial to the Faſhion, I fancy, muſt be the propereſt Judge of a mighty Diſpute among the Ladies, that is, whether *Criſpo* or *Griſelda* is the more agreeable Entertainment.

Ind. With ſubmiſſion now not be a proper Judge of this Queſtion.

Bev.

Bev. jun. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe I find I have a Partiality for one of them.

Bev. jun. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know———there's ſomething in that Rural Cottage of *Griſelda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Reſignation, her innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's ſung over her; it had an Effect upon me, that———in ſhort I never was ſo well deceiv'd, at any of them.

Bev. jun. Oh! Now then, I can account for the Diſpute: *Griſelda*, it ſeems, is the Diſtreſs of an injur'd innocent Woman: *Criſpo*, that only of a Man in the ſame Condition; therefore the Men are moſtly concern'd for *Criſpo*, and by a Natural Indulgence, both Sexes for *Griſelda*.

Ind. So that Judgment you think, ought to be for one; tho' Fancy and Complaiſance have got ground for the other. Well! I believe you will never give me leave to diſpute with you on any Subject, for I own *Criſpo* has its Charms for me too: Though in the main, all the Pleaſure the beſt Opera gives us, is but meer Senſation.——Methinks it's Pity the Mind can't have a little more Share in the Entertainment.—The Muſick's certainly fine; but in my Thoughts, there's none of your Compoſers come up to Old *Shakeſpear* and *Otway*.

Bev. jun. How, Madam! why if a Woman of your Senſe were to ſay this in the Drawing-room.———

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior *Carbonelli* ſays he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. jun. A propos! You were ſaying Yeſterday, Madam, you had a mind to hear him———will you give him leave to entertain you now.

Ind. By all means: deſire the Gentleman to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

Bev. jun. I fancy you will find ſomething in this Hand, that is uncommon.

Ind. You are always finding ways, Mr. *Bevil*, to make Life ſeem leſs tedious to me.———

Enter

Enter Muſick Maſter.

When the Gentleman pleaſes.

After a Sonata is play'd, Bevil *waits on the Maſter to the Door,* &c.

Bev. jun. You ſmile, Madam, to ſee me ſo Complaiſant to one, whom I pay for his Viſit: Now, I own, I think it is not enough barely to pay thoſe, whoſe Talents are ſuperior to our own (I mean ſuch Talents as would become our Condition, if we had them). Methinks we ought to do ſomething more, than barely gratify them, for what they do at our Command, only becauſe their Fortune is below us.

Ind. You ſay I ſmile: I aſſure you it was a Smile of Approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the diſtinguiſhing part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as eaſy to his Inferiors, as he can.———Now once more to try him. [*Aſide.*]——I was ſaying juſt now, I believed you would never let me diſpute with you, and I dare ſay, it will always be ſo: However, I muſt have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, juſt before you came hither; ſhe would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary kindneſs or ſervice for a Woman, but for his own ſake.

Bev. jun. Well, Madam! Indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What, tho' he ſhould maintain, and ſupport her, without demanding any thing of her, on her part?

Bev. jun. Why Madam, is making an Expence, in the Service of a Valuable Woman (for ſuch I muſt ſuppoſe her) though ſhe ſhould never do him any Favour, nay, though ſhe ſhould never know who did her ſuch Service, ſuch a mighty Heroick Buſineſs?

Ind. Certainly! I ſhould think he muſt be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why ſo? 'tis but, at beſt, a better Taſte in Expence: To beſtow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be Conſcious, that from his Superfluity, an Innocent, a Virtuous Spirit is ſupported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he ſees Satisfaction, Health, and Gladneſs in her Countenance,

Countenance, while he enjoys the Happineſs of ſeeing her (as that I will ſuppoſe too, or he muſt be too abſtracted, too inſenſible) I ſay, if he is allowed to delight in that Proſpect; alas! what mighty matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter, in ſo diſintereſted a Friendſhip!

Bev. jun. Diſintereſted! I can't think him ſo; your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are——— He is only one, who takes more delight in Reflections, than in Senſations: He is more pleaſed with Thinking than Eating; that's the utmoſt you can ſay of him ——— Why, Madam, a greater Expence, than all this, men lay out upon an unneceſſary ſtable of Horſes.

Ind. Can you be ſincere, in what you ſay?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any ſuch Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor looſe Women.

Ind. No, I'm ſure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of theſe kind of Demands, there's no ſuch Preheminence in this, as you imagine: Nay, this way of Expence you ſpeak of, is what exalts and raiſes him, that has a Taſte for it: And, at the ſame time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Diſguſt, or Penitence.

Ind. But ſtill I inſiſt his having no private Intereſt in the Action, makes it Prodigious, almoſt Incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more miſtaken; Why, who can be more an Uſurer, than he, who lays out his Money in ſuch Valuable Purchaſes? If Pleaſure be worth purchaſing, how great a Pleaſure is it to him, who has a true Taſte of Life, to eaſe an Aking Heart, to ſee the human Countenance lighted up, into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar, which is ſuperfluous, and otherwiſe uſeleſs

leſs in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Caſh? This is the Effect of an human Diſpoſition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Neceſſity. What then muſt it be, when we ſerve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! The more you argue againſt it, the more I ſhall admire the Generoſity.

Bev. jun. Nay, nay——Then, Madam, 'tis time to fly, after a Declaration, that my Opinions ſtrengthens my Adverſary's Argument——I had beſt haſten to my Appointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be gone, while we are Friends, and—before things are brought to an Extremity—[*Exit. careleſly.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now pray?

Ind. I proteſt, I begin to fear he is wholly diſintereſted, in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but the meer Pleaſure of doing it, and has neither Good or Bad Deſigns upon me.

Iſab. Ah! dear Neice! don't be in fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You pleaſe me when you tell me ſo: For, if he has any Wiſhes towards me, I know he will not purſue them, but with Honour.

Iſab. I wiſh I were as confident of one as t'other——I ſaw the reſpectful Downcaſt of his Eye, when you catcht him gazing at you during the Muſick; He I warrant, was ſurpriz'd, as if he had been taken ſtealing your Watch. Oh! the undiſſembled Guilty Look!

Ind. But did you obſerve any ſuch thing, Really? I thought he look'd moſt Charmingly Graceful! How engaging is Modeſty, in a Man, when one knows there is a great Mind within——So tender a Confuſion! and yet, in other Reſpects, ſo much himſelf, ſo collected, ſo dauntleſs, ſo determin'd!

Iſab. Ah! Neice! there is a ſort of Baſhfulneſs, which is the beſt Engine to carry on a ſhameleſs Purpoſe: ſome Men's Modeſty ſerves their Wickedneſs, as Hypocriſy gains the Reſpect due to Piety: But I

will own to you, there is one hopeful Symptom, if there could be ſuch a thing, as a diſintereſted Lover; But 'tis all a Perplexity, till——till——till——

Ind. Till what?

Iſab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes——And that I will be convinced of before I ſleep: For you ſhall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I am ſure, I never ſhall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean Time, I'll wrap myſelf up in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As Conſcious Honour all his Actions ſteers:
So Conſcious Innocence diſpels my Fears. [*Ex.*

End of the ſecond ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand's* Houſe.

Enter Tom *meeting* Phillis,

Tom. WELL, *Phillis!*——what, with a Face, as if you had never ſeen me before——What a Work have I to do, now? She has ſeen ſome new Viſitant, at their Houſe, whoſe Airs ſhe has catch'd, and is reſolv'd to practiſe them upon me. Numberleſs are the Changes ſhe'll dance thro', before ſhe'll anſwer this plain Queſtion; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Maſter's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to aſk an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as ſhe. [*Aſide.*——Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are, at preſent, pleaſed to make me, I would not, in the general, be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiſer, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit ſhorter than I am at this Inſtant.

[*Looking ſtedfaſtly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any Body doubt, Maſter *Thomas*, but that you were extremely ſatisfied with your ſweet ſelf?

Tom.

Tom. I am indeed.——The Thing I have leaſt Reaſon to be ſatisfied with, is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; Perhaps, if I were rich, I ſhould overlook the fineſt Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches, to be thought ſo.

Phil. How prettily was that ſaid? But, I'll have a great deal more, before I'll ſay one Word. [*Aſide.*

Tom. I ſhould, perhaps, have been ſtupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Maſter's Servant for Hire; I am my Miſtreſs's from Choice; would ſhe but approve my Paſſion.

Phil. I think, 'tis the firſt Time I ever heard you ſpeak of it, with any Senſe of the Anguiſh, if you really do ſuffer any.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have ſeen?

Phil. I know not what I have ſeen, nor what I have heard? but ſince I am at Leiſure, you may tell me, When you fell in Love with me; How you fell in Love with me; and what you have ſuffer'd, or are ready to ſuffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haſte about my Maſter's Letter.——But, I muſt go thro' it. [*Aſide*]—Ah! too well I remember when and how, and on what Occaſion I was firſt ſurpriz'd. It was on the firſt of *April*, one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand*'s Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite hand-maid of the Houſe-keeper.—At that time we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was order'd to get out of the Window, one pair of Stairs, to rub the Saſhes clean,——the Perſon employ'd, on the inner ſide, was your Charming ſelf, whom I had never ſeen before.

Phil. I think, I remember the ſilly Accident: What made ye, you ſilly Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you.—You could not gueſs what ſurpriz'd me. You took no Delight, when you immediately grew wanton, in your Conqueſt, and put your Lips cloſe, and breath'd upon the Glaſs, and

when

when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd againſt my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you ſpit, and rubb'd, and ſmil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What ſilly thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*—but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall, I ſaw her, ſaw my *Thisbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will againſt me.—Would ſhe but yet relent!—Oh, *Phillis! Phillis!* ſhorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe, 'tis very ſufferable; the Pain is not ſo exquiſite, but that you may bear it, a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my Fair One's Will, I could with Glory ſuffer.—But, deareſt Creature, conſider our miſerable State.

Phil. How! miſerable!

Tom. We are miſerable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than thoſe we love—with that generous Paſſion in the Heart, to be ſent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd and rated for the meaneſt Trifles. Oh, *Phillis!* you don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glaſſes, my Paſſion for you has made me break: You have broke my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Maſter writes and you ſpeak the beſt of any Men in the World. Never was Woman ſo pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Anſwer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my Deareſt; conſider we muſt ſtrike out ſome pretty Livelyhood for our ſelves, by cloſing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them to give us a little Being of our own, ſome ſmall Tenement out of their large Poſſeſſions: whatever they give us, 'twill be more than what they keep for themſelves: One Acre, with *Phillis*, wou'd be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [*Kiſſes her.*

Phil.

Phil. There's no contradicting you; how cloſely you argue *Tom!*

Tom. And I will cloſer, in due time. But I muſt haſten with this Letter, to haſten towards the Poſſeſſion of you.—Then *Phillis*, conſider, how I muſt be revenged, look to it, of all your Skittiſhneſs, ſhy Looks, and beſt but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and ſenſual as my Lady calls it, I muſt not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious filthy Male Creature; you ſhould behave if you had a right Senſe, or were a Man of Senſe, like Mr. *Cimberton*, with Diſtance, and Indifference; or let me ſee ſome other becoming hard Word with ſeeming in-in-advertency, and not ruſh on one as if you were ſeizing a Prey. But Huſh—the Ladies are coming——Good *Tom*, don't kiſs me above once, and be gone———Lard, we have been Fooling and Toying, and not conſider'd the main Buſineſs of our Maſters and Miſtreſſes.

Tom. Why, their Buſineſs is to be Fooling and Toying, as ſoon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd——Parchments——My Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Couſin *Cimberton*, and my Miſtreſs; though my Maſter has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Maſter Mr. *Bevil*, and my Miſtreſs; and I believe, my Miſtreſs herſelf has ſign'd, and ſeal'd, in her Heart, to Mr. *Myrtle*.———Did I not bid you kiſs me but once, and begone? but I know you wont be ſatisfy'd.

Tom. No, you ſmooth Creature, how ſhould I!

[*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Phil. Well, ſince you are ſo humble, or ſo cool, as to raviſh my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality.

[*They ſalute formally.*

Tom. Pox of all this State. [*Offers to kiſs her cloſely.*

Phil. No, pr'ythee *Tom*, mind your Buſineſs. We muſt follow that Intereſt which will take; but endeavour at that which will be moſt for us, and we like moſt—O here's my young Miſtreſs! [Tom *taps her Neck behind, and kiſſes his Fingers*] Go ye liquoriſh Fool. [*Exit* Tom.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you were hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyſhip's Service, to carry your Ladyſhip's Letter to his Maſter: I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he ſo little Love for his Maſter?

Phil. No; but he has ſo much love for his Miſtreſs.

Luc. But, I thought, I heard him kiſs you. Why do you ſuffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our Perſons to beſtow, or treat for, are forc'd to deal, and bargain by way of Sample; and therefore, as we have no Parchments, or Wax neceſſary in our Agreements, we ſqueeze with our Hands, and ſeal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promiſes.

Luc. But can't you truſt one another, without ſuch Earneſt down?

Phil. We don't think it ſafe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Huſſey.

Phil. I wiſh, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam! and I won't ask you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, eſpecially my Lady, mean by admiring Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How is that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the ſame Houſe.

Luc. Pſhaw! I have a very great value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have abſolutely put an end to his Pretenſions in the Letter I gave you for him, but my Father, in his Heart, ſtill has a mind to him, were it not for this Woman they talk of; and I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never deſigns to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle*, ——————

Luc.

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to apply to me, and by that has won me, and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it ſeems, is nothing to me; my Mother ſays 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts ſtray about the Perſon of my Huſband; nay, ſhe ſays, a Maid, rigidly Virtuous, tho' ſhe may have been where her Lover was a thouſand times, ſhould not have made Obſervations enough, to know him from another Man, when ſhe ſees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the ſeverity of a Nun, for not to ſee when one may, is hardly poſſible; not to ſee when one can't, is very eaſy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not ſeen, who——

Luc. Mamma ſays, the firſt time you ſee your Huſband ſhould be at that Inſtant he is made ſo; when your Father, with the help of the Miniſter, gives you to him; then you are to ſee him, then you are to Obſerve and take Notice of him, becauſe then you are to Obey him.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to Love, as well as Obey?

Luc. To Love is a Paſſion, 'tis a Deſire, and we muſt have no Deſires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflexion! With what Inſenſibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and offer'd to ſome aukward Booby or other, in every County of *Great-Britain?*

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder, I never heard you ſpeak of it before with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has preſented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As faſt as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Perſon have been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town; What is this World come to! No ſhame left! to be barter'd for, like the Beaſts of the Fields, and that in ſuch an Inſtance, as coming together to an intire Familiarity, and Union of Soul and Body; Oh! and this, without being ſo much as Well-wiſhers to each other, but for increaſe of Fortune.

Phil. But, Madam, all theſe Vexations will end, very ſoon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's

ther's Kinſman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reaſon, with that of his prodigious large Eſtate, ſhe is reſolv'd on him, and has ſent to conſult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who, to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpoſe.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of Liſt'ning Madam, for your Ladyſhip's Service.

Luc. I ſhall ſoon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I will turn you out. My Mother ſays I muſt not converſe with my Servants: tho' I muſt converſe with no one elſe. [*Exit* Phillis.] How unhappy are we, who are born to great Fortunes! No one looks at us, with Indifference, or acts towards us on the Foot of Plain Dealing; yet by all I have been heretofore offer'd to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the moſt agreeable of all Abuſes, Flattery; but now, by this Flegmatick Fool, I am us'd as nothing, or a meer Thing; He, forſooth! is too wiſe, too learned to have any Regard to Deſires, and, I know not what the learned Oaf calls Sentiments of Love and Paſſion——Here he comes with my Mother——'Tis much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me, than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, *and Mr.* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taſte of yours, and the worthy Regard you have to your own antient and honourable Houſe, in conſulting a Means, to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly deſcended as may be.

Cimb. Why, really Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with Diſcourſes of ſuch a Tendency, and their Imaginations ſo bewilder'd in Fleſh and Blood, that a Man of Reaſon can't talk to be underſtood: They have no Ideas of Happineſs, but what are more groſs than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirſt.

Luc.

Luc. With how much Reflexion he is a Coxcomb? [*Aſide.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have conſider'd it as a moſt brutal Cuſtom, that Perſons, of the firſt Character in the World, ſhould go as ordinarily, and with as little ſhame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propogation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preſervation of the Invidual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, muſt have no Shame, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Seal.* Oh Couſin *Cimberton!* Couſin *Cimberton!* how abſtracted, how refin'd, is your Senſe of things! but indeed it is too true, there is nothing ſo ordinary as to ſay, in the beſt govern'd Families, my Maſter and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been ſaid of one's ſelf

[*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. Lycurgus, Madam, inſtituted otherwiſe; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole Female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themſelves, knew by whom; their Meetings were ſecret, and the Amorous Congreſs always by Stealth; and no ſuch profeſſed Doings between the Sexes, as are tolerated among us, under the audacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs. *Seal.* Oh! had I liv'd in thoſe Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with leſs indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modeſt Inſtitution, than one, under the Confuſion of our modern barefac'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, ſhe has gone thro' the whole ceremony, and here I ſtand a melancholy proof of it.

Mrs. *Seal.* We will talk then of Buſineſs. That Girl walking about the Room there is to be your Wife. She has I confeſs, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that ſpeak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb. I have obſerv'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and diſengag'd Countenance ſpeak her very—

Luc. Very, what?

Cimb. If you pleaſe, Madam—to ſet her a little that way.

Mrs. *Seal. Lucinda*, ſay nothing to him, you are not a Match

a Match for him; when you are married, you may ſpeak to ſuch a Huſband, when you are ſpoken to, But I'm diſpoſing of you, above your ſelf, every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but obſerve the Inconveniences I expoſe my ſelf to, in hopes that your Ladyſhip will be the Conſort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, ſhe is rather an Impediment, than a help to a Man of Letters and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflection, no Philoſophy can at all times, ſubdue the ſenſitive Life, but the Animal ſhall ſometimes carry away the Man! Ha! ay, the Vermilion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—Pant of her Boſom.

Luc. Sir; Madam don't you hear him!

Cimb. Her forward Cheſt.

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, eaſy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I ſay, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions—her Arms—her Neck—what a Spring in her Step.

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you ſtrange Unaccountable.

Cimb. What an Elaſticity in her Veins, and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. *Seal.* Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The ſpeaking invitation of her Shape, the gathering of her ſelf up, and the Indignation you ſee in the pretty little thing—now, I am conſidering her, on this Occaſion but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unſeaſonable Puppy! [*Aſide.*

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly ſhe will be yearly. I fear I ſhan't for many Years, have Diſcretion enough to give her one fallow Seaſon.

Luc. Monſter! there's no bearing it. The hideous Sot!—there's no enduring it, to be thus ſurveyed like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb.

Cimb. At Sale! ſhe's very illiterate—But ſhe's very well limb'd too; turn her in; I ſee what ſhe is.

[*Exit* Lucinda *in a Rage.*

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I'm aſham'd of you.

Cimb. No harm done—you know, Madam, the better ſort of People, as I obſerv'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of Weddings [*Adjuſting himſelf at the Glaſs.*] and the Woman in the Bargain, like the Manſion-Houſe in the Sale of the Eſtate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all conſider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her Youth and Beauty, and every other Accompliſhment, as the common World think 'em, becauſe ſhe is not Polite.

Cimb. Madam, I know, your exalted Underſtanding, abſtracted, as it is, from vulgar Prejudices, will not be offended, when I declare to you, I Marry to have an Heir to my Eſtate, and not to beget a Coleny, or a Plantation: This young Woman's Beauty, and Conſtitution, will demand Proviſion for a tenth Child at leaſt.

Mrs. Seal. With all that Wit, and Learning, how conſiderate! What an Oeconomiſt! [*Aſide.*]—Sir; I cannot make her any other than ſhe is; or ſay ſhe is much better than the other young Women of this Age, or fit for much, beſides being a Mother; but I have given Directions for the Marriage Settlements, and Sir *Geoffrey Cimberton*'s Council is to meet ours here, at this Hour, concerning his joining in the Deed, which when executed, makes you capable of ſettling what is due to *Lucinda*'s Fortune: Herſelf, as I told you, I ſay nothing of.

Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not uſual, and I muſt depend upon my own Reflexion, and Philoſophy, nor to overſtock my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Couſin *Cimberton*; but ſhe is, for ought I ſee, as well as the Daughter of any Body elſe.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come, and now we are to hear what they have reſolv'd to the point whether

'tis neceſſary that Sir *Geoffrey* ſhould join in the Settlement, as being what they call in the Remainder. But, good Couſin, you muſt have Patience with 'em. Theſe Lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind, one is what they call a Chamber-Council, the other a Pleader: The Conveyancer is ſlow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore ſhun'd the Bar, but extremely Paſſionate, and impatient of Contradiction: The other is as warm as he; but has a Tongue ſo voluble, and a Head ſo conceited, he will ſuffer no Body to ſpeak but himſelf.

Cimb. You mean old Sarjeant *Target*, and Counſellor *Bramble?* I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The ſame: ſhew in the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*

Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle *and* Tom, *diſguis'd as* Bramble *and* Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope you have conſider'd of the Matter.

Tar. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it muſt be by Indent——dent——dent——dent——

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. *Serjeant* and myſelf have agreed, as he is pleaſed to inform you, that it muſt be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffrey* muſt needs be a Party; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619, ſays, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. *Serjeant*'s Hands, as recourſe thereto being had, will more at large appear.——

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that——

Bram. Mr. *Serjeant*, I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Cuſtody; but to ſpeak to the Titles in your own Deeds——I ſhall not ſhew that Deed till my Client is in Town.

Cim. You know beſt your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The ſingle Queſtion is, whether the Intail is ſuch, that my Couſin Sir *Geoffrey* is neceſſary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordſhip of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Meſſuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I ſay that *Gr—gr*—that *Gr—gr—Grimgribber*, *Grimbribber*

Grimgribber is in us. That is to ſay, the Remainder thereof, as well as that of *Tr——tr——Triplet.*

Bram. You go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the middle of the laſt Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it paſs to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I queſtion whether the Remainder even of *Tretriplet* is in him—But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable Conſideration. But we ſhall not purchaſe what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the rate as we guard againſt the Contingent of Mr, *Cimberton* having no Son——Then we know Sir *Geoffrey* is the firſt of the Collateral Male Line in this Family——Yet——

Tar. Sir, *Gr——gr——ber* is——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its Parts——But, Sir, I ſee very plain what you are going into——I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffrey* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I muſt ſay——

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*—I am of Opinion, that according to the Inſtruction of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Eſtate for the Heirs General.

Tar. Sir, I have not patience to be told that, when *Gr—gr—ber*——

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there muſt be the word Heirs for ever, to make ſuch an Eſtate as you pretend.

Cim. I muſt be impartial, tho' you are Council for my ſide of the Queſtion——Were it not that you are ſo good as to allow him what he has not ſaid, I ſhould think it very hard you ſhould anſwer him without hearing him——But Gentlemen, I believe you have both conſider'd this Matter, and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore you proceeded according to the particular Senſe of each of you

and gave your Thoughts directly in Writing—And do you ſee, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you ſay, in *Engliſh*.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been ſaying?—In *Engliſh!* Oh! but I forgot myſelf, you're a Wit—— But however, to pleaſe you, Sir, you ſhall have it, in as plain Terms as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of: the Courts are ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, and I am this Moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I ſhould not be in the Hall to attend one of them at leaſt, the reſt would take it ill elſe—Therefore I muſt leave what I have ſaid to Mr. Serjeant's Conſideration; and I will digeſt his Arguments on my Part, and you ſhall hear from me again Sir.

[*Exit.* Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cim. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick—He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pinch him to the quick about that. *Gr——gr——ber.*

Mrs. Seal. I ſaw that, for he durſt not ſo much as hear you—I ſhall ſend to you, Mr. Serjeant, as ſoon as Sir *Geoffrey* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjuſted

Tar. I ſhall be at my Chambers, at my uſual Hours. [*Exit.*

Cim. Madam, if you pleaſe, I'll now attend you to the Tea-Table, where I ſhall hear from your Ladyſhip, Reaſon, and good Senſe, after all this Law and Gibberiſh.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful Thing, Sir, that Men of Profeſſions do not ſtudy to talk the Subſtance of what they have to ſay, in the Language of the reſt of the World: Sure, they find their Account in it.

Cim. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Senſe; but with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no reſpect for truth and Knowledge, if they were expoſed to Naked View.

Truth is too Simple, of all Art bereav'd:
Since the World will—why let it be deceiv'd.

End of the Third A C T. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bevil *Junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Bevil *jun. with a Letter in his Hand, follow'd by* Tom.

Tom. UPon my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the Matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. What's the Fool in ſuch a Fright for? I don't ſuppoſe you did: What I would know is, Whether Mr. *Myrtle* ſhew'd any Suſpicion, or aſk'd you any Queſtions, to lead you to ſay caſually, that you had carry'd any ſuch Letter, for me, this morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did aſk me any Queſtions, how could I help it?

Bev. I don't ſay you could, Oaf! I am not queſtioning you, but him: What did he ſay to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dreſs'd for the Lawyers Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put upon me, he aſk'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand*'s this Morning?——So I told him, Sir, I often went thither———becauſe, Sir, if I had not ſaid that, he might have thought, there was ſomething more, in my going now, than at another time.

Bev. Very well!———The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealouſy. [*aſide.*] Did he aſk you no other Queſtions?

Tom. Yes Sir———now I remember, as we came away in the Hackney Coach, from Mr. *Sealand*'s, *Tom*, ſays he, as I came in to your Maſter, this Morning, he bid you go for an anſwer to a Letter he had ſent. Pray did you bring him any? ſays he—Ah! ſays I, Sir your Honour has a mind to joke with me, you have a mind to know whether I can keep a Secret, or no?

Bev. And ſo, by ſhewing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom. Sir——— [*confus'd.*

Bev. What mean Actions does Jealouſy make a Man ſtoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Ser-

vant, to make him betray his own Maſter? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. Very well; and what did he ſay, when you brought him my Anſwer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and ſaid, It was very well.

Bev. I knew he would be grave upon't,——wait without.

Tom. Humh! 'gad, I don't like this; I am afraid we are all in the wrong Box here.——— [*Exit* Tom.

Bev. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was preſent: But I have never been more thoroughly diſturb'd; This hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on ſuppoſed artificial Dealing, when I profeſs'd myſelf his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot ſuffer Shame. What's to be done? But firſt let me conſider *Lucinda*'s Letter again. [*Reads.*

S I R,

I Hope it is conſiſtent with the Laws a Woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage in our Family, and deſiring the Refuſal may come from me, has ſomething more engaging in it, than the Courtſhip of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himſelf, for our common Safety, and Happineſs: I have Reaſons for deſiring Mr. Myrtle *may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your moſt obliged humble Servant,*

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but Poſtſcript,

I won't, upon ſecond Thoughts, hide any Thing from you. But my Reaſon for concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle *has a Jealouſy in his Temper, which gives me ſome Terrors; but my Eſteem for him incline me to hope that only an ill Effect, which ſometimes accompanies a Tender Love; and what may be cur'd, by a careful and unblameable Conduct.*

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herſelf, in a kind, under my Protection: I cannot tell him immediately the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable

untractable Paſſion of Jealouſy, and ſo ſerve him, and her, by diſobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I ſhould by complying with her Directions ——— But then this Duelling which Cuſtom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World: ——— How muſt I preſerve myſelf from imputations there? He'll, forſooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without Fighting—But his Letter—I'll read it again——

SIR,

YOU have us'd me baſely, in correſponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent! I have chang'd my Sword ſince I ſaw you; which Advertiſement I thought proper to ſend you againſt the next Meeting, between you and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. *Myrtle*, Sir: would your Honour pleaſe to ſee him?

Bev. Why you ſtupid Creature! Let Mr. *Myrtle* wait at my Lodgings! ſhew him up. [*Exit* Tom] Well! I am reſolv'd upon my Carriage to him——— He is in Love, and in every Circumſtance of Life a little diſtruſtful, which I muſt allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom *introducing* Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour—But, Sir, with your very diſcerning Face, leave the Room. [*Exit* Tom] Well, Mr. *Myrtle*, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumſtances, which affect me on this Occaſion, oblige me, without farther Ceremony, or Conference, to deſire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but alſo comply with the requeſt in it. I muſt have farther Notice taken of my Meſſage than theſe half Lines,—— I have yours,—— I ſhall be at home——

Bev. Sir, I own, I have receiv'd a Letter from you, in a very unuſual Style; But as I deſign every thing, in this Matter, ſhall be your own Action, your own Seeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epiſtle. *Myrt.*

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuſe you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankneſs; and I ſee your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Conſideration of your Friend.

Bev. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle!*

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil.*

Bev. Look you Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no diſguiſing that I underſtand what you would be at——But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to diſapprove of the Deciſions a Tyrant Cuſtom has introduc'd, to the Breach of Laws, both Divine and Human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good firſt Principle, in thoſe who have ſo tender a Conſcience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing Injuries, as —

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of Anſwering for them.

Bev. As Fear of anſwering for 'em! But that Apprehenſion is juſt or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear—I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and ruſhing into his Preſence.—I ſay by the very ſame Act, to commit the Crime againſt him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I muſt tell you, this Coolneſs, this Gravity, this ſhew of Conſcience, ſhall never cheat me of my Miſtreſs. You have, indeed, the beſt Excuſe for Life, the Hopes of poſſeſſing *Lucinda:* But conſider, Sir, I have as much Reaſon to be weary of it, if I am to loſe her; and my firſt Attempt to recover her, ſhall be to let her ſee the Dauntleſs Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. Sir, ſhew me but the leaſt Glimpſe of Argument, that I am authoriz'd by my my own Hand, to vindicate any lawleſs Inſult of this nature, and I will ſhew thee—to chaſtiſe thee—hardly deſerves the Name of Courage—ſlight, inconſiderate Man!—There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no ſuch Terror in quick Anger; and you ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, ſo little an occaſion of Anger? You perhaps, who know not what 'tis to love,

love, who have your Ready, your Commodious, your Foreign Trinket, for your looſe Hours; and from your Fortune, your ſpecious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumſtances, as eaſie a Way to the Poſſeſſion of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be diſtracted, with Anxiety and Terror of loſing more than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Buſineſs, and in the Interim, you have your Rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princeſs, for your ſoft Moments of Dalliance, your Convenient, your ready *Indiana*.

Bev. You have touch'd me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excuſable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmity of Human Nature, which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and obſerve your Letter——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir, I thought you did: I heard you ſpeak aloud.

Bev. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,——Maſter,——Mr. *Myrtle*,——Friends,——Gentlemen,——what d'ye mean I am but a Servant, or——

Bev. Call a Coach. [*Exit* Tom.

[*A long Pauſe walking ſullenly by each other.*

Aſide.] Shall I (though provok'd to the Uttermoſt) recover myſelf at the entrance of a third Perſon, and that my Servant too, and not have reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the beſt of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whoſe Life depends on mine. [*Shutting the Door.*

[*To* Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not, for fear of what ſuch a raſh Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd, the falſe Appearances, under which your Infirmity of Temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps, too much Regard to a falſe Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am ſure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword

Bev. Why then would you aſk it firſt that Way?

Myrt. Conſider, you kept your Temper yourſelf no longer than till I ſpoke to the Diſadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. True. But let me tell you, I have ſav'd you from the moſt exquiſite Diſtreſs, even tho' you had ſucceeded in the Diſpute: I know you ſo well, that I am ſure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worſe than Death to yourſelf—Read it.——When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealouſie, when he has ſeen himſelf thoroughly, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining *Lucinda.*

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggreſſor? I begin to fear, I have been too far tranſported——*A Treaty in our Family!* is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe——But, I find (oh the Poſtſcript) *ſomething like Jealouſie*——with what Face can I ſee my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words ſhall I——

Bev. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I ſee in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be ſuch a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me now reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you muſt give me Leave to ſay again, and again, how much I am beholden to that Superior Spirit you have ſubdu'd me with——what would become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reaſon?

Bev. I congratulate to us both the Eſcape from our ſelves, and hope the Memory of it will make us Dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your Friendly Conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reaſon, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue

Virtue and Juſtice. And yet, how many have been ſacrificed to that Idol, the Unreaſonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are ſo ridiculous in it, that they often uſe their Swords againſt each other, with Diſſembled Anger and Real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,
They Hazard Being, to preſerve a Name:
Nor dare enquire into the dread Miſtake,
'Till plung'd in ſad Eternity they Wake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *St.* James's *Park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil, *and Mr.* Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me leave, however, Mr. *Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for Uniting our Families, to mention only the Buſineſs of an ancient Houſe—Genealogy and Deſcent are to be of ſome Conſideration, in an Affair of this ſort———

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and Deſcent!—Sir, there has been in our Family a very large one. There was *Galfrid* the Father of *Edward*, the Father of *Ptolemy*, the Father of *Craſſus*, the Father of Earl *Richard*, the Father of *Henry* the Marquis, the Father of Duke *John*———

Sir J. Bev. What, do you rave, Mr. *Sealand?* all theſe great Names in your Family.

Mr. Seal. Theſe? yes, Sir—I have heard my Father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay, Sir?—and did he ſay they were all in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept 'em all——he was the greateſt Cocker in *England*—he ſaid, Duke *John* won him many Battles, and never loſt one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh Sir, your Servant, you are laughing at my laying any Streſs upon Deſcent—but I muſt tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that Advantage, turn it into Ridicule.

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one, who had many better Advantages, put that into his Account——But, Sir *John*, value yourſelf as you pleaſe upon your ancient Houſe, I am to talk freely of every thing, you are pleaſed to put into your Bill of Rates, on this Occaſion———

caſion——yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family—'Tis his Morals, that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help ſaying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no ſtain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as ſmall a matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in ſuch a Caſe, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition, to the Honour, or Credit of her Lover—that he is a Keeper—

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to ſpoil my Son's Marriage, with any Woman elſe.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman elſe, and have as many Miſtreſſes as he pleaſes——

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a diſcreet and ſober Gentleman——

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never ſaw a Man that wench'd ſoberly and diſcreetly, that ever left it off—the Decency obſerv'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner, the Iniquity of it. They purſue it, not that the Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, becauſe, 'tis their Opinion they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you ſuſpect a Truth—do you deſign to keep your Daughter a Virgin, 'till you find a Man unblemiſh'd that way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—I know the Town and the World—and give me leave to ſay, that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this laſt Century, and are as honourable, and almoſt as uſeful, as you landed Folks that have always thought yourſelves ſo much above us; for your trading, forſooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox—You are pleaſant People, indeed; becauſe you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore, I warrant you, Induſtry is diſhonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended—but I don't love to leave any part of the Account unclos'd—look you Sir *John*, Compariſons are odious, and more particularly

ſo

ſo, on Occaſions of this Kind, when we are projecting Races, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Compariſons.

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him ſo.—But Sir *John*, I am a Man exerciſed, and experienced in Chances, and Diſaſters; I loſt, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant; this makes me, perhaps, over cautious, to preſerve the ſecond Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful, as I can, of this Child—— you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boaſting Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why, that's one very good Reaſon, Mr. *Sealand*, why I wiſh my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this ſtrange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him—here and there a Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life to that one Paſſion.

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Underſtanding, cannot be ſuppos'd to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wiſe Men have been ſo enſlav'd; and, when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether mov'd from the Demand of the World, or ſlighter Reaſons; ſuch a Huſband ſoils with his Wife for a Month perhaps—then Good B'w'y' Madam—the Show's over—ah! *John Dryden* points out ſuch a Huſband to a Hair, where he ſays,

'And while abroad ſo prodigal the Dolt is,
'Poor Spouſe at Home as ragged as a Colt is.

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I ſhall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that muſt be the caſe, when—

Sir J. Bev. But pray conſider, Sir, my Son——

Mr. Seal. Look you Sir, I'll make the Matter ſhort: This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him: But, one way or other, he is, or has been certainly engaged to her—I am therefore reſolved, this very Afternoon to viſit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I ſhall ſoon be let into, what I may fear, or hope for.

Sir J. Bev.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be Nothing enquir'd into, relating to my Son, that will not, upon being underſtood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that, as ſincerely, as you believe it—— Sir *John Bevil*, when I am ſatisfied in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct anſwers the Character you give him, I ſhall wiſh your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great-Britain*, and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone, in a Way but barely Civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heireſs of it, are not to be loſt for a little Peeviſhneſs———

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a ſeaſonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may truſt his Diſcretion, I am ſure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a Thouſand Fears when I lay this vaſt Wealth before me: When I conſider his Prepoſſeſſions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love; or abandon'd, paſt Redemption, in a vicious One; and, from the one or the other, his Inſenſibility to the faireſt Proſpect, towards doubling our Eſtate: a Father, who knows how uſeful Wealth is, and how neceſſary, even to thoſe who deſpiſe it, I ſay a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not tranſported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Reſolution, in your perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yet, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him ſurpriz'd in any thing——— This Mercantile rough Man may go groſly into the Examination of this matter, and talk to the Gentleman ſo as to——

Humph. No, I hope not in an abrupt manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not! Why, doſt thou know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Maſter, I know ſo much; that I told him this very Day, you had reaſon to be ſecretly out of Humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go ſo far? Well what ſaid he to that? *Humph.*

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me ſtedfaſtly: *Humphrey*, ſays he, That Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her, or deſigns to marry her?

Humph. I can ſay nothing to the latter——But he ſays, he can marry no one without your Conſent, while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he ſaid ſo much, I know he ſcorns to break his Word with me.

Humph. I am ſure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are ſure of that———Well! that's ſome Comfort———Then I have nothing to do but to ſee the bottom of this matter, during this preſent Ruffle———Oh, *Humphrey*———

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that's in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom you oftner diſoblige, than pleaſe, by that very Care—Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themſelves are Fathers——But, perhaps, you'll ſay now that I am one of the happieſt Fathers in the World; but, I aſſure you, that of the very unhappieſt is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, Your Pain ariſes, not from the Thing itſelf, but your particular ſenſe of it——You are overfond, nay, give me leave to ſay, you are unjuſtly apprehenſive from your Fondneſs: My Maſter *Bevil* never diſoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl—For ought I know he will, forſooth, have ſo much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Conſideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think: But, I know, nothing can be more miſerable than to be in this Doubt——Follow me; I muſt come to ſome Reſolution. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bevil *Junior's Lodgings*,

Enter Tom *and* Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you muſt ſpeak with Mr. *Myrtle*

Myrtle, you ſhall; he is now with my Maſter in the Library.

Phil. But you muſt leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a Preſent, nor I ſo handſomlye take any thing from him before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent, indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Miſtreſs with another Man.

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly——

Tom. I believe ſo——but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to truſt you: I'll call him to you [*Exit* Tom.

Phil. What a deal of Pother a nd Sputter here is, between my Miſtreſs, and Mr. *Myrtle*, from meer Punctilio? I could any hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it—But ſhe, forſooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but, if he can come to her, I know ſhe will be glad of it: I muſt therefore do her an acceptable Violence, and ſurprize her into his Arms. I am ſure I go by the beſt Rule imaginable: If ſhe were my Maid, I ſhould think her the beſt Servant in the World for doing ſo by me.

Enter Myrtle *and* Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil*, are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under ſuch Difficulties as my poor Miſtreſs, and no Attempt to ſet her at Liberty, or releaſe her from the Danger of being inſtantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myrt. *Tom* has been telling——But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done——when a Man can't come at his Miſtreſs!——Why can't you fire our Houſe, or the next Houſe to us, to make us run out and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*——

Phil. Ay——let me ſee that Rogue deny to fire a Houſe, make a Riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Tom. I'm oblig'd to you, Madam,

Phil. Why don't we hear every day of People's hanging themſelves for Love,——and won't they venture

ture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?—Oh! were I Man ——

Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyſhip's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at Once, what, one Time or other, you may be, and wiſh to be, or muſt be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and conſider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour——you ſay, to be at once what I muſt be.

Phil. Ay, ay—I mean no more than to be an old Man; I ſaw you do it very well at the Maſquerade: In a Word, old Sir *Geoffrey Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*——— He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Paſſions and Deſires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth.———

Tom. Come to the Buſineſs, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suſpence for the Pleaſure of being courted as you ſerve me.

Phil. I ſaw you at the Maſquerade act ſuch a one to Perfection; Go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our Houſe as Sir *Geoffrey*. There is not one there, but myſelf, knows his Perſon; I was born in the Pariſh where he is Lord of the Manor. I have ſeen him often and often at Church in the Country. Do not heſitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security againſt Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the reſt to me, I leave this with you, and expect———They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you loſe this Opportunity———I muſt be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis!*

[*Catches and Kiſſes her, and gives her Money.*

Phil. O Fie! my Kiſſes are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner. [Tom *kiſſes her.*] Come, ſee me down Stairs,

[*to* Tom.]

[*to* Tom] and leave the Lover to think of his laſt Game for the Prize.

[*Exeunt* Tom *and* Phillis.

Myrt. I think I will inſtantly attempt this wild Expedient——The Extravagance of it will make me leſs ſuſpected, and it will give me Opportunity to aſſert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am ſo mortify'd at this Conduct of mine, towards poor *Bevil*; He muſt think meanly of me—— I know not how to re-aſſume myſelf, and be in Spirit enough for ſuch an Adventure as this—Yet I muſt attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under her preſent perplexities; and ſure——

The next Delight to tranſport with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care. [*Exit.*

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand*'s Houſe.

Enter Phillis, *with Lights, before* Myrtle, *diſguis'd like old Sir* Geoffrey, *ſupported by Mrs.* Sealand, Lucinda, *and* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. NOW I have ſeen you thus far, Sir *Geoffrey*, will you excuſe me a Moment, while I give my neceſſary Orders for your Accommodation? [*Exit Mrs.* Seal.

Myrt. I have not ſeen you, Couſin *Cimberton*, ſince you were ten Years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I ſhall upon very reaſonable Terms join with you, in a Settlement to that purpoſe. Though I muſt tell you, Couſin, this is the firſt Merchant that has married into our Houſe.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, becauſe my Father is? [*Aſide.*

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Diſgrace, Sir; he he trades to all parts of the World.

Myrtle.

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who deſcended from Perſons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, ſince it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it again; and to ſink her into our Name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generouſly reſolv'd—— Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmoſt of their Extravagance—Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I ſee her nearer, my Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beſide, I am ſure the Uncle has ſomething worth your Notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to obſerve what may be wrought out of the old one, for your good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your Great Uncle, deſires to be introduced to you, and to ſee you nearer!——Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your leave, young Lady——[*Puts on Spectacles.*]——Couſin *Cimberton!* She has exactly that ſort of Neck, and Boſom, for which my Siſter *Gertrude* was ſo much admired, in the Year ſixty one, before the *French* Dreſſes firſt diſcovered any thing in Women below the Chin.

Luc. [*Aſide.*] What a very odd Situation am I in? Tho' I cannot but be diverted, at the extravagance of their Humours, equally unſuitable to their Age——Chin, quotha—I don't believe my Paſſionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glaſs—— [*Pulls out a large one.*

Enter Phillis *to* Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady deſires to ſhew the Apartment to you, that ſhe intends for Sir *Geoffrey.*

Cimb. Well Sir! by that time you have ſufficiently gazed, and ſunned yourſelf in the Beauties of my Spouſe there, I will wait on you again.

[*Exit* Cimberton *and* Phillis.

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troubleſome, there is ſomething of Importance, tho' we

are

are alone, which I would ſay more ſafe from being heard.

Luc. There is ſomething, in this old Fellow methinks, that raiſes my Curioſity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily contemn this Kinſman of mine, as you do, and am ſorry to ſee ſo much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to ſo inſenſible a Poſſeſſor.

Luc. Surprizing!——I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are ſo generous as to pity, whatever may be the Intereſt of your Family.

Myrt. This Hand of mine ſhall never be employ'd, to ſign any thing, againſt your Good and Happineſs.

Luc. I am ſorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgements; but there is a Gentleman in the World, whoſe Gratitude will, I am ſure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks, I deſire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and Command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the firſt Time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms, receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wiſh it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your Promiſe! O *Lucinda!*

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Huſh! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, *Myrtle* himſelf, Madam.

Luc. O bleſs me! what a Raſhneſs, and Folly to ſurprize me ſo———But huſh———my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, *and* Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the Matter?

Luc. O Madam! as ſoon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a ſudden Fit, and——and———ſo I cry'd out for Help to ſupport him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find yourſelf?

Myrt. Never was taken, in ſo odd a Way in my Life——pray lead me? Oh! I was talking here—

(*pray*

(pray carry me) to my Couſin *Cimberton*'s young Lady———

Mrs. Seal. [*Aſide*] My Couſin *Cimberton*'s young Lady! How zealous he is, even in his Extremity, for the Match! a right *Cimberton.*

[Cimberton *and* Lucinda *lead him, as one in Pain,* &c.

Cimb. Pox; Uncle, you will pull my Ear off.

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will ſqueeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No Matter, no Matter———he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, ſhall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble no body but my young Couſins here. [*They lead him off.*

Phil. But pray, Madam, does your Ladyſhip intend that Mr. *Cimberton* ſhall really marry my young Miſtreſs at laſt? I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material! Men of his Speculation are above Deſires—— but be it as it may; now I have given old Sir *Geoffrey* the Trouble of coming up to Sign and Seal, with what Countenance can I be off?

Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam; It is the Glory and Honour of a great Fortune, to live in continual Treaties, and ſtill to break off: it looks Great, Madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, *Phillis*———yet to return our Blood again into the *Cimberton*'s, is an honour not to be rejected—but were not you ſaying, that Sir *John Bevil*'s Creature *Humphrey* has been with Mr. *Sealand?*

Phil. Yes, Madam; I overheard them agree, that Mr. *Sealand* ſhould go himſelf, and viſit this unknown Lady that Mr. *Bevil* is ſo great with: and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. *Bevil* ſhould ſtill marry my young Miſtreſs.

Mrs. Seal. How! nay then he ſhall find ſhe is my Daughter, as well as his: I'll follow him this Inſtant, and take the whole Family along with me: The diſputed Power of Diſpoſing of my own Daughter ſhall be at an end this very Night———I'll live no longer in Anxiety for a little Huſſey, that hurts my Appearance, wherever I carry her: and, for whoſe ſake, I

ſeem

ſeem to be not at all regarded, and that in the beſt of my Days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if ſhe were married, your Ladyſhip might very well be taken for Mr. *Sealand*'s Daughter.

Mrs. Seal. Nay, when the Chit has not been with me, I have heard the Men ſay as much—I'll no longer cut off the greateſt pleaſure of a Woman's Life, (the ſhining in Aſſemblies) by her Forward Anticipation of the Reſpect, that's due to her Superior—ſhe ſhall down to *Cimberton-Hall*—ſhe ſhall—— ſhe ſhall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I ſhall ſtay with your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. Seal. Thou ſhalt, *Phillis*, and I'll place thee then more about me—But order Chairs immediately—I'll be gone this Minute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Charing-Croſs.*

Enter Mr. Sealand *and* Humphrey

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. *Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our Common Good, I ſhould look thoroughly into this Matter.

Humph. I am, indeed, of that Opinion; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed, in our Family, which ought in Juſtice to be known; I need not deſire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Reſpect.

Mr. Seal. Maſter *Humphrey*—I ſhall not be rude, tho' I deſign to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to ſee how ſhe will bear, upon a Surprize.

Humph. That's the Door, Sir, I wiſh you Succeſs ——[*While* Humphrey *ſpeaks*, Sealand *conſults his Table-Book.*] I am leſs concerned what happens there, becauſe I hear Mr. *Myrtle* is well lodg'd, as old Sir *Geoffry*, ſo I am willing to let this Gentleman employ himſelf here, to give them time at home: for I am ſure, 'tis neceſſary for the Quiet of our Family, *Lucinda* were diſpoſed of, out of it, ſince Mr. *Bevil's* Inclination is ſo much otherwiſe engaged. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. I think this is the Door—[*Knocks.*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to enquire, tho' I make an Errand, to begin Diſcourſe.

[*Knocks*

[*Knocks again, and enter a Foot-boy*] So young Man! is your Lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir! I am but a Country-Boy—I dan't know, whether ſhe is, or noa: but an you'll ſtay a bit, I'll goa, and aſk the Gentlewoman that's with her,

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country-Boy, you can ſee, can't you? you know whether ſhe is at home, when you ſee her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not ſuch a Country Lad neither, Maſter, to think ſhe's at home, becauſe I ſee her: I have been in Town but a Month, and I loſt one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah! have you learn'd to lie already?

Boy. Ah! Maſter! things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies in *London*—I begin to know my buſineſs a little better than ſo—but you pleaſe to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you that will tell you for certain——ſhe can make bold to aſk my Lady herſelf.

Mr. Seal. O! then, ſhe is within, I find, tho' you dare not ſay ſo.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here nor there: what's matter, whether ſhe is within, or no, if ſhe has not a mind to ſee any Body.

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are Arch or Simple, but however get me a direct Anſwer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you pleaſe to walk in, I'll ſee what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I ſee you will be fit for your Buſineſs, in time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries, in ſuch a Houſe.

Boy. Such a Houſe! Sir, you han't ſeen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Indiana's *Houſe.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Whan Anxiety do I feel for this poor Creature; What will be the End of her? Such a languiſhing unreſerv'd Paſſion, for a Man, that at laſt muſt certainly leave,

leave, or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the Agrivation of the Diſtreſs is, that ſhe does not believe he will——not but, I muſt own, if they are both what they would ſeem, they are made for one another, as much as *Adam* and *Eve* were, for there is no other, of their Kind, but themſelves.

Enter Boy.

So *Daniel!* what News with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a Gentleman below would ſpeak with my Lady.

Iſab. Sirrah! don't you know Mr. *Bevil* yet!

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and aſks for you, and won't go in 'till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Iſab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well! be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Exit* Boy; *and re-turns with Mr.* Sealand.

Iſabella *looks amaz'd.*

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little ſurpriz'd, to ſee a perfect ſtranger make a viſit, and—

Iſab. I am indeed ſurpriz'd!—I ſee he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here Madam; in troth you ſeem to have every thing in Plenty—a Thouſand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Neſt of Rooms, and the dainty One within them.

[*Aſide, and looking about.*

Iſab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it ſeems, have leſs Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than a Girl of Fourteen—he's almoſt ſtill the ſame; but alas! I find, by other Men, as well as himſelf, I am not what I was———As ſoon as he ſpoke, I was convinc'd 'twas he——How ſhall I contain my Surprize and Satisfaction! he muſt not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Diſturbance; But there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Buſineſs to Diſcourſe, and I hope ſhe will admit me to that Favour.

Iſab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herſelf.

Iſab.

Iſab. Well, Sir! you ſhall ſee her: I find he knows nothing yet, nor ſhall from me; I am reſolv'd, I will obſerve this Interlude, this Sport of Nature, and of Fortune——You ſhall ſee her preſently, Sir; For now I am as a Mother and will truſt her with you. [*Exit.*

Mr. *Seal.* As a Mother! right: that's the old Phraſe, for one of thoſe Commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have preſſing Occaſions. But here comes the precious Lady herſelf. In troth a very ſightly Woman ——

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have ſome Affair that requires your ſpeaking with me.

Mr *Seal.* Yes, Madam: there came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. *Bevil*, which is payable to Morrow; and he in the Intercourſe of Buſineſs, ſent it to me, who have Caſh of his, and deſired me to ſend a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myſelf.

Ind. Sir, was that neceſſary?

Mr. *Seal.* No, Madam; but, to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which Mr. *Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you, excited my Curioſity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! your ſober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend deſcrib'd, made me expect no Rudeneſs, or Abſurdity, at leaſt—Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. *Seal.* Pray, Madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay, a virtuous Deſign; and if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as uſeful to you as you are in a Friendſhip with Mr. *Bevil*, as to my only Daughter whom I was this Day diſpoſing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have miſtaken you; I am compoſed again; be free ſay on—what I am afraid to hear— [*Aſide.*

Mr. *Seal.* I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Paſſion here, but I did not think it was in Abuſe of ſo worthy an Object, ſo accompliſhed a Lady, as your Senſe and

Mein beſpake—but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to ſhame, ſo they gratify ———

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great Errors—but, as you are pleaſed to ſay you ſee ſomething in me that has chang'd, at leaſt, the Colour of your Suſpicions; ſo has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earneſtly attentive to what has any Way concern'd you, to enquire into my Affairs, and Character.

Mr. *Seal.* How ſenſibly! with what Air ſhe talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be ſeated—and tell me tenderly—— keep all your Suſpicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared Way—acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Perſon of your ſeeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquiſitive about a wretched, helpleſs, friendleſs—[*weeping.*] But I beg your Pardon—tho' I am an Orphan, your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it ſeems, has brought you hither—I'll be compoſed—pray go on, Sir.

Mr. *Seal.* How could Mr. *Bevil* be ſuch a Monſter, to injure ſuch a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir,—you wrong him—he has not injur'd me—my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. *Seal.* Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, ſtill you will perſiſt in that Error—But my own Fears tell me all—You are the Gentleman, I ſuppoſe, for whoſe happy Daughter he is deſign'd a Husband, by his good Father, and he has, perhaps, conſented to the Overture: He was here this morning, dreſs'd beyond his uſual Plainneſs, nay moſt ſumptuouſly——and he is to be, perhaps, this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. *Seal.* I own he was intended ſuch: But, Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, till I am ſatisfy'd from your own mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes have only made me to think he deſign'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodneſs and Gentleneſs of his Demeanour

nour made me miſinterpret all—'Twas my own Hope, my own Paſſion, that deluded me—He never once made one amorous Advance to me—His large Heart, and beſtowing Hand, have only helpt the Miſerable: Nor know I why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and pleaſe himſelf, with pouring Favours.

Mr. *Seal.* Madam, I know not why it is, but I as well as you, am, methinks, afraid of entering into the Matter I came about; but 'tis the ſame thing, as if we had talk'd never ſo diſtinctly—he ne'er ſhall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you ſay this from what you think of me, you wrong yourſelf and him—Let not me, miſerable tho' I may be, do injury to my Benefactor—No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his Virtues—If to beſtow, without a Proſpect of Return; if to delight in ſupporting what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Deſire, with no other View than to guard her againſt thoſe who would not be ſo diſintereſted; if theſe Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir, give her to my honeſt, generous *Bevil*—What have I to do, but ſigh and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkneſs, mutter in diſtracted Starts, and broken Accents, my ſtrange, ſtrange Story!

Mr. *Seal.* Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort muſt be to expoſtulate in madneſs, to relieve with Frenzy my Deſpair, and ſhrieking to demand of Fate, why—why was I born to ſuch Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. *Seal.* If I have been the leaſt Occaſion—

Ind. No—'twas Heaven's high Will I ſhould be ſuch—to be plundered in my Cradle! toſs'd on the Sea! and even there, an Infant Captive! to loſe my Mother, hear but of my Father—to be adopted! loſe my Adopter! then plung'd again in worſe Calamities!

Mr. *Seal.* An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the moſt Charming of Mankind once more to ſet me free, (from what I thought the laſt Diſtreſs) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to ſupport my very Life, in a

way that ſtole, at the ſame time, my very Soul itſelf from me.

Mr. *Seal.* And has young *Bevil* been this worthy man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the right, the pretence of eaſing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the ſame hand that rais'd me to this height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. *Seal.* Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience; my Heart grows full with your Affliction: But yet there's ſomething in your Story that—

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterneſs and Sorrow.

Mr. *Seal.* Do not think ſo: Pray anſwer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! Oh, could I be any other thing than what I am—I'll tare away all traces of my former Self, my little Ornaments, the remains of my firſt State the Hints of what I ought to have been.

[*In her Diſorder ſhe throws away a Bracelet, which* Sealand *takes up, and looks earneſtly on it.*

Mr. *Seal.* Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceived? It is, it is the ſame! the very Bracelet which I bequeathed my Wife, at our laſt mournful Parting.

Ind. What ſaid you, Sir! your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt motion at my Heart? and yet again my Fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand:* But my loſt Father's Name was———

Mr. *Seal. Danvers!* was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! that is indeed my Family.

Mr. *Seal.* Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reaſons too tedious n w to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on and read in me, your Siſter *Iſabella!*

Mr. *Seal.* My Siſter!

Iſab. But here's a Claim more tender yet—your *Indiana*, Sir, your long loſt Daughter.

Mr. *Seal.* O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All gracious Heaven! is it poſſible! do I embrace my Father?

Mr. *Seal.*

Seal. And do I hold thee——Theſe Paſſions are too ſtrong for Utterance—Riſe, riſe, my Child, and give my Tears their Way—O my Siſter! [*Embracing her.*

Iſab. Now, deareſt Niece, my groundleſs Fears, my painful Cares no more ſhall vex thee. If I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suſpicions; my juſt Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be your ſelf the Meſſenger of Joy: Fly this Inſtant! tell him all theſe wondrous Turns of Providence in his Favour: Tell him I have now a Daughter to beſtow, which he no longer will decline: that this Day he ſhall ſhall be a Bridegroom: nor ſhall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father ſeeks, be wanting: tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits on his Acceptance.

[*Exit* Iſab.

My deareſt *Indiana!* [*Turns and embraces her.*

Ind. Have I then at laſt a Father's Sanction on my Love! his Bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a Preſent worthy of *Bevil*'s Generoſity.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! how are our Sorrows paſt o'erpaid by ſuch a Meeting: Though I have loſt ſo many Years of ſo paternal Dalliance with thee, Yet, in one Day, to find thee thus, and thus beſtow thee, in ſuch perfect Happineſs! is ample, ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! how ſtrongly Filial Duty has ſuppreſſed his Love; and how Concealment ſtill has doubled all his Obligations! the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him—

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has ſucceeded, and brought him to your Wiſhes.

Enter Iſabella, *with Sir* John Bevil, Bevil *jun. Mrs.* Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, *and* Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering*] Where! where's this Scene of Wonder—Mr. *Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occaſion, our mutual Happineſs—Your good Siſter, Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, filled us with Surprize and Joy; Now all Exceptions are remov'd;

mov'd; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealouſies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodneſs has conſented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear you Mention, Sir, of Fortune, with Pleaſure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the beſt of Fathers to my Love—Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy—My ever deſtin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife! [*Embracing* Indiana.

Ind. Wife!—O my ever loved! my Lord! my Maſter!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myſelf, as well as you, that I had a Son, who could, under ſuch Diſadvantages, diſcover your great Merit.

Mr. Seal. O! *Sir John!* how vain, how weak is Human Prudence? What Care, what Foreſight, what Imagination could contrive ſuch bleſt Events to make our Children happy, as Providence in one ſhort Hour has laid before us?

Cimb. [*To Mrs. Sealand.*] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. *Sealand* is a little too buſy for our Affair, if you pleaſe we'll take another Opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have patience Sir.
Cimb. But we make Sir *Geoffrey* wait Madam.
Myrt. O Sir! I am not in haſte.

} *During this* Bev. jun. *preſents* Lucinda *to* Indiana.

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor! Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev Jun. If you think that an Obligation, Sir, give me leave to overpay myſelf, in the only Inſtance, that can now add to my Felicity; by begging you to beſtow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle.*

Mr. Seal. She is without reſerve (I beg he may be ſent for)—Mr. *Cimberton*, notwithſtanding you never had my Conſent, yet there is, ſince I laſt ſaw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cimb. I hope Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from myſelf; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Eſtate.

Cimb.

Cimb. How! Mr. *Sealand*! why then if half Mrs. *Lucinda*'s Fortune is gone, you can't ſay, that any of my Eſtate is ſettled upon her: I was in Treaty for the whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be ſure, there can be no Bargain,—Sir,—I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good Lady, my Couſin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this Old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. *Cimberton*, with all my Heart.

Omn. Mr. *Myrtle*! [*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I aſſumed the Perſon of Sir *Geoffrey*, only to be preſent at the Danger of this Lady's being diſpoſed of, and in her utmoſt Exigence to aſſert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratifie, as they once favour'd my Pretenſions, no Abatement of Fortune, ſhall leſſen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you cant overlook the Injury of being in Treaty with one, who as meanly left her, as you have generouſly aſſerted your Right in her, ſhe is Yours.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, though you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, becauſe I bring you leſs.

Myrt. We have much more than we want, and I am glad any Event has contributed to the Diſcovery of our real Inclinations to each other.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's diſpoſed of any way. [*Aſide.*

Bev. Myrtle! No longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*! you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceaſes: I rejoyce in the Preheminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, you have ſet the World a fair Example: Your Happineſs is owing to your Conſtancy and Merit: And the ſeveral Difficulties you have ſtruggled with, evidently ſhew.

Whate'er the generous Mind itſelf denies,
The ſecret Care of Providence ſupplies. *Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

Intended to be ſpoken by *Indiana.*

OUR Author whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spight of the dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not fruſtrate (ſo he plainly means)
By a looſe Epilogue, his decent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet to-day,
To keep me rigid ſtill beyond the Play?
And yet I'm ſav'd a World of Pains that way.
I now can look, I now can move at Eaſe,
Nor need I torture theſe poor Limbs to pleaſe;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprize,
Nor wreſt my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bleſs me! what freakiſh Gambols have I play'd!
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
Out of pure Kindneſs all! to over-rule
The threaten'd Hiſs, and ſcreen ſome ſcribbling Fool.
With more Reſpect I'm entertain'd to-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Eaſe delight.
My artleſs Looks while modeſt Graces wear,
He ſays, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife ſo form'd, by theſe Examples, bred,
Pours Joy and Gladneſs round the Marriage Bed.
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her leaſt Perfection to be Fair.
The Nymph with India's *Worth who vies,*
A Nation will behold with Bevil's *Eyes.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 JY 94